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 With pen and pencil to describe my fair.  
 Alas! their arts in the performance fail;  
 And reach not that divine Original.  
 Some shadowy glimpse they may present to view.  
 And this is all poore humane art can doe.  
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THE  
Young Lovers Guide,

OR,

The Unsuccessful Amours of *Philabius*, a  
Country Lover ; set forth in several  
kind Epistles, writ by him to his Beau-  
tious-unkind Mistress.

Teaching Lovers how to comport themselves with  
Resignation in their Love-Difasters.

WITH

The Answer of *Helena* to *Paris*,  
by a Country Shepherdess.

AS ALSO,

The Sixth *Æneid* and Fourth  
Eclogue of *Virgil*, both newly Tran-  
slated

---

By J. B. Gent.

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*Si nec blanda satis, nec erit tibi comis amica,  
Perfer & obdura, postmodo mitis erit.*

If your fair Mistress be not mild and kind,  
Bear and persevere, Time may change her Mind.

*Ovid. de Art. Am. l. 1.*

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L O N D O N :

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## The P R E F A C E :

Writ by *Philabius* to *Venus*, his  
Planetary Ascendant.

Dear Mother *Venus* !

*I must style you so,  
From you descended, tho' unhappy Beau:  
You are my Astral Mother ; at my birth  
Your pow'rful Influence bore the sway on Earth  
From my Ascendent : being sprung from you,  
I hop'd Success where-ever I should woo.  
Your Pow'r in Heav'n and Earth prevails, shall I,  
A Son of yours, by you forsaken die?  
Twenty long Months now I have lov'd a Fair,  
And all my Courtship's ending in Despair.  
All Earthly Beauties, scatter'd here and there,  
From you, their Source, derive the Charms they bear.*

## PREFACE.

*The Fair I court partakes in high'st degree  
Of your transcending Heav'nly Quality.  
Her I admire, as most resembling You ;  
O take from her what is your Right and Due,  
Or so incline her Favour for your Son,  
That by hard Usage he be not undone.  
'Tis said those Persons at whose birth you reign,  
Prove gracions to your Sex, and Favour gain.  
Must I be th' only Man whom you deny  
This Privilege? O great Severity!  
But 'gainst Heav'ns Actions what can Mortals say?  
It deats with us; as Potters do with Clay.  
E'en as it lists, for better or for worse ;  
Thrice happy those not fated for a Curse.  
Tho' while our Ages Course is running on,  
We little know what Heav'n intends t'have done.  
What seems Affliction oft proves for our Good,  
If, with Submission, we embrace the Rod.  
Life we are promis'd, but first we are drown'd  
In Death, and then with Life immortal crown'd.*

## PREFACE.

God's Works are all by Means contrary done,  
And cros to Man's Imagination run,  
'Till the just time is come that they're fulfill'd,  
And then, tho' late, to Providence we yield.  
Perhaps my Fair's unkindness and delay  
Are more t'endear what<sup>a</sup> once I shall enjoy :  
Those Goods are priz'd for which we dearly pay.  
Or if she's fated for some other Man,  
Perhaps for me kind Heav'n has order'd one  
More kind and Fair (if Fairer there may be)  
Or, if being turn'd my Tear of Jubilee,  
Fate, has ordain'd me a Quietus here,  
And now my Course for Heav'n I must steer.  
O Venus! draw me, by your Charms divine  
From Objects here, my dreggy Thoughts refine  
From Earthly Things; that being rais'd to you,  
As I your Heav'nly Kingdom have in view,  
Fixt on Ideal Beauty 'mong the Bless'd,  
I may enjoy an everlasting Rest.

Philabius.

. E R -

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The Reader is desir'd to Correct the following  
Mistakes of the Press.

**P**Age 10. line 6. read *maturer*, p. 12. l. 9. *seldom does*, r. *often fails*,  
p. 26. l. 17. *mighily* r. *nightly*, p. 34. l. 6. *breast* r. *leave*, ib. l. 14.  
r. *there's*, p. 42. l. 4. r. *ideal*, p. 44. l. 5. *our* r. *her*, p. 48. l. 18. r.  
*learns*, p. 53. l. 2. *Faith's* dele 's, ib. l. 3. *with* r. *wish*, ib. l. 17. r. *sup-*  
*press*, p. 56. l. 4. *Talm* r. *but*, p. 64. l. 6. *now* r. *new*, p. 65. l. 14. *but* r.  
*cut*, p. 97. l. 11. r. *in Heav'n*, ib. l. 16. *might* r. *night*, p. 86. l. 20.  
*ward's* dele 's.

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New

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# New Poems.

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*Three Addresses writ by Philabius to  
his beautious Mistress.*

## *The First Address.*

*My only DEAR,*

**W**ith Thoughts as kind, as Lover ever knew,  
Your Lover writes this *Love-Address* to you.

Did you but feel that Passion moves my Heart,  
While I to you my Fondness here impart,  
'Twould move your Pity, Love, Compassion, all  
That tender Lovers grateful Kindness call.

B

But

But here, alas ! my great Misfortune lies ;  
 Words can't present before your gracious Eyes,  
 My inward Feeling : All that Words can do,  
 I'll say in short, my *Dear*, as God is true,  
 There's nought on this side Heav'n I love as You. }  
 Yet let not Words alone my Witness be ;  
 They're Actions I desire should testify.  
 Command me what you please, I beg command ;  
 When once your Pleasure's known, if I withstand  
 Your Will in ought, my Life, my Fortunes, all  
 I have from God afford, then let me fall  
 For ever in Disfavour of my *Dear* ;  
 The greatest Curse that Man on Earth can bear.  
 I'll not attempt, as common Lovers use,  
 To write my *Mistress* Praise ; the *Fair* I choose  
 Surpasses me, surpasses Praise of *Man* ;  
*She's Praise it self, she's all Perfection.*  
 Thrice happy's he, whose blessed Stars incline  
 Her gracious Favour ; Heav'ns grant they are  
 (mine

Beside

Beside those Stars which influence our Birth,  
 Three I must beg propitious here on Earth ;  
 Your *Father*, and your *Mother* dear, and You :  
 Of whom I have already courted two.

And tho' some Men this Practise may disown,  
 Who pass by Friends, and Daughter court alone :  
 Yet since I know your Parents mighty fond  
 Of their *dear Child*, I let them understand  
 My Thoughts for you, and hope 'twill not dis-  
 (please

My *Dearest*, since their study is your ease.  
 'Gainst my Address they one thing did object,  
 It was my Age ; indeed, in that respect,  
 There's disproportion ; yet such have I known,  
 When happy Life has follow'd thereupon.  
 All kind Indulgence to my *Dear* I'd show,  
 Your Will should be my Law ; to come and go,  
 And do whate'er you pleas'd, you should be  
 (free.

And I'll presume to say, I think, with me

You may enjoy as happy Scene of Life,  
 As where you else may choose to be a Wife.  
 I know in Age but two things give offence,  
 The Man's Moroseness, or his Impotence :  
 And Heav'n's my Witness, I think I'm as free  
 From these, as one pretends to court should be.  
 And by my Years, I this advantage gain ;  
 They've taught me Knowledge, which may enter-  
(tain

My *Dear* sometimes with what may please her  
(Mind :

Sometimes in *London* Pastimes we would find,  
 Where all that's Curious to my *Dear* I'd shew ;  
 Being more, perhaps, than other Men may do.  
 In Summer-heats the Country we would see ;  
 The small Retirement there belongs to me  
 Is pretty pleasant, may be made much more  
 With little Cost : Some Things I have in store  
 Are also curious, and of Value ; these,  
 And all I have are yours, whene'er you please.

Indeed



Indeed, but poor are such Allurements, where  
So high Desert abounds, as in my *Dear*.  
Far greater Offers, doubtless, you have met ;  
Youth, Beauty, Riches ; all that's gay and great,  
From Men your sweet-prevailing Charms have  
won,

As who can stand before the glorious Sun?  
If I to these a Sacrifice must fall ;  
I've this, at last my *Dear* ! to say, for all.  
A Judge of Men most values Gifts of Mind ;  
For these I dare contend, tho' still resign'd :  
If by your Judgment cast, hard Fate, I'll cry !  
And humbly kiss that Hand, by which I die.

*My only Dear,*

*Tours for ever,*

Philabius.

*The Second Address.**My only* DEAR,

**S**ince to my last no Answer you have giv'n,  
 Impatient Love commands me write agen.  
 Silence sometimes (they say) implies consent;  
 If yours be such, I have my Heart's content.  
 But if your Silence (as I fear it may)  
 Concludes your Lover's doom another way;  
 Sad is my Fate, which (tho' with trembling Hand)  
 I ne'ertheless desire to understand:  
 Tumultuous Passions now torment my Soul;  
 Hope gives me Comforts, Fear does all controul.  
 All sick in Mind, where shall my Refuge be?  
 There's none but you can ease my Misery.  
 Once you were ill, I then prescrib'd a Cure,  
 Fond was my Soul your sacred Health t'ensure.

And

And now I languish, to you I must fly ;  
 'Tis at your pleasure, that I live or die ;  
 And e'en to Death more easily I'm resign'd,  
 Than to continue in this state of Mind.  
 Your gentle Nature can't be so severe,  
 To let him perish calls you's *Only Dear*.  
 And calls all Heav'n to witness, it is true ;  
 O! pity one, devoted thus to you.  
 I know some Lovers only Passions feign,  
 And if they Court, for nothing 'tis but Gain.  
 / Fine Words they have, if *Ladies* will believe ;  
 Sweet goes the Pipe while Fowlers Birds deceive.  
 Such Fraud my *Dearest* it can't suspect in me ;  
 Her Person only's my great Treasury.  
 There lies in store the whole that I pursue ;  
 For this alone her Self, and Friends I wooe :  
 'Tis all on Earth I beg of Heaven too.  
 I'm not ambitious, know the World too well ;  
 Content with Greatness does not always dwell.

Great should I be, so I could sit at ease ;  
Admire my *Dear*, with fond Carelles please.  
*No Soul so clear, no Aspect so divine ;*  
*Sweet Mildness with Sublimeness there combine :*  
*No cloud of Passion intercepts those Rays*  
*Of charming Graces, which she thence displays :*  
*All's there surprizing Mortals can descry ;*  
*Symmetrical Features, wondrous Harmony.*  
There should I gaze for ever, still should find  
My Sense transported with transported Mind.  
O *Nature's Goddesses !* to you I must pay  
All Adoration zealous Votive may.  
What state of Bliss does Heav'n to him decree,  
Where it alots your blest Society? (derive,  
Where-e'er that God, whence you these Charms  
Designs the Station wherein you shall live,  
To me's unknown ; of this, at least, I'm sure,  
Your absence long I can't with Life endure.  
As Flowers fade in th' absence of the Sun,  
My Life without your Influence is gone.

What

What may I do your Favour, *Dear* ! to gain?  
 Can *Life* ? can *Love* ? can nothing it obtain?  
 With Muse sublime, above the Stars I'll raise  
 Your *Name*, your *Fame*, with my immortal Lays.  
 A Poem next I'll write of *Love divine* ;  
 In which my *Fair* Heav'ns Angels shall out-  
 (shine.

In Praise of her, let all the World that dares  
 Contend ; they'll find *Philabius* void of Fears,  
 And would's his Suit had Issue by such Wars. }  
 I want a Friend Death robb'd me of this Year,  
 To plead my Cause, with Kindness, to my *Dear*.  
 Had he surviv'd, I had not stood alone ;  
 To deal with many hard it is for one.  
 And florid Youth now rivals my Desire,  
 And most are apt the rising Sun t'admire ;  
 Tho' Judges know the perfect state of Man,  
 Is when his Sun's in the Meridian.  
 The Air is foul with Fogs, as Sun does rise,  
 And as it further climbs the lofty Skies,

'Till

10     *The Unsuccessful Amours*

'Till come t'its height ; nor is Man's Reason clear,

'Till he has reach'd his Jubilean Year.

And this, with Favour, let me farther say ;

Unstedsfast Youth, tho' specious, brisk, and gay,

Is prone to change ; contingent Beauty too,

Mature Years more likely may prove true,

And let not this, unminded pass, by you.

Fain would my Pen much farther here enlarge,

Whole Floods of Passion, thus I could discharge :

But fearing this already tires my *Dear*,

I check my Pen, and stop in full career ;

This only Boon imploring at your Hand,

That you'll vouchsafe to let me understand,

In Verse, or Prose, or by some private Friend,

How all my Hopes, and Love-Addres must end.

*O Beauty ! O Love !*

*O Pity !——Philabius.*

*The*

*The Third Address.*

*My only DEAR,*

O Nce more I write, for who can Love with-  
(stand?

Which Heart inflames, and presses on the Hand.

Help *Muse* agen! this once my Fate to try;

And gently guide my Pen before I die.

Help me to soft Expressions which my *Dear*

May move, and force from her kind-Eyes a Tear

Of Pity for me. Heav'ns! what is't I say?

Do I wish Sorrow to my only Joy?

Through Love distracted all in Mind I rave,

And wish for what I'd rather die than have.

Help me t'Expressions may affect her Mind

With Thoughts as chearful, as they make them

(kind.

No Pity let them, but gay Love inspire;

Cold's hopeless Pity, Love's a sacred Fire.

If

If e'er on Earth, true Love in Man has been,  
It reigns in me, and Love I hope 'twill win.

By Love of Heav'n, we Love from Heav'n ob-  
(tain,

My *Fair* is heav'nly, Love her Love must gain.

On this I stand, on this my Soul relies ;

If I'm deceiv'd my Fall is with the Wife.

Tho' twice I've writ, no Answer from my *Fair*  
Have yet receiv'd, must I for this despair?

Once or twice asking seldom does with Men ;

Ought I not ask *Heav'n's Darling* once agen?

Perhaps this Silence of my *Dear's* to try

Her Lover's Patience, Zeal and Constancy.

If so, with constant Patience I must bear ;

Altho', if long, such Trials prove severe.

My Temper's not the same with other Men ;

Strong are my Passions, where they take a run :

A Check inflames them, raging they boil o'er,

As Waves, when broken on a craggy Shoar,

And strongly checkt, with Terror rage and roar.

Such



Such Measures with dull Lovers may do well ;

They serve to stir and kindle sluggish Zeal.

But where you find Love apt to take on Flame,

I think the way of Dealing's not the same ;

Good Sportsmen seek not to destroy their Game.

As roughness fits a rough, ungenerous Mind,

The tender-hearted Tenderneſs ſhould find ;

To them the Uſage ſhould be mild and kind.

O ! ſick am I, my *Dear* ! by your delay ;

What one Man cures, another may deſtroy.

I always take it as a double Boon,

If what I ſue for may be granted ſoon.

And as the Favour's greater, ſtill the more

The Grantor I prize, honour, love, adore.

With what ſurprizing Joy think you then, *Dear* !

Quick News, and kind, from you'd raviſh my Ear ?

I beg, at leaſt, let gentle Hopes maintain

My Flame, and let my Heart ſome reſpite gain :

And caſt me not feverely in Deſpair ;

Deſpair, as dark, as Heav'n has made you Fair.

Doubt

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Doubt not how constant to you I will prove,  
I'll cease to live, before I cease to love.

Consider, *Dearest!* what to you is said  
In *Three Addresses*, now by me are made:  
Proceeding all from Heart and Soul sincere,  
As ever in devoted Lover were.

If more I thought my *Dearest* would desire,  
More would I write; my Pen should never tire.  
And loath it is to part with Paper now;  
Tho' I no farther Scope shall it allow,  
Till I my *Dearest's* Pleasure know, and then,  
All crown'd with Joys, I hope to write again.

Philabius.

*An*

---

*An Address to a famous Poetess, going  
by the Name of Philomela, wherein  
Philabius (having receiv'd no  
Answer to his three foregoing Epi-  
stles) begs her Aid for moving his  
Mistress's Favour.*

MADAM,

**I**F any of your Sex; fall'n in Distress,  
Desir'd my Aid (such is my Tenderness)

I should afford it freely; would to me  
They would vouchsafe an equal Charity.

*Madam*, 'thas been my direful Chance to fall

In Love, of late, with what we *Beauty* call:

*Beauty*, that *Lot divine*, your Sex attends,

Working on Men, too often, fatal Ends.

Thrice to my *Fair* Addressee I have sent;

(Writ as I could) how she does them resent,

I can't

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I can't divine, nor will my *Fair* disclose;  
 She drowns her Thoughts in Silence, me in Woes,  
 Self-musing often, with revolving Mind,  
 This cause of Silence in my *Dear* to find;  
 I may suspect my unpathetick<sup>e</sup> Style  
 Moves neither Frowns, nor an obliging Smile,  
 But leaves my *Fair* as unconcern'd, as tho'  
 She nothing of Love-Verfes yet did know.  
 This puts me to a stand, and what to do  
 'Tis hard to think, and how my Suit pursue.  
 I've done my best, and more to write were vain,  
 Unless I could pretend some happy'r Strain.  
 Your Genius, *Madam*, 'sknown by what you've writ,  
 Great is your Fancy, Judgment, Art and Wit.  
 Sweet *Philomela's* Aid I'd fain implore,  
 Her pow'rful Charms dumb Spirits may conjure.  
 Her sweet-tun'd Voice thro' all the Forest rings,  
 And all are mov'd when *Philomela* sings;  
 Shout with Applause, and eccho forth her Praise,  
 Surpriz'd and charm'd with her melodious Lays.

Her

Her wondrous Notes in Rapture all admire,  
As hither brought from the Celestial Quire.  
Would Heav'n, my zealous Wishes could obtain  
Her Aid, the Favour of my *Dear* to gain.  
The depth of Hearts your Love-dipt Pen may reach,  
And where mine fails, may force an easy breach.  
Those genuine Arts your *Muse* may soon descry,  
Which charm your Sex, to me a Mystery.  
And tho' some *Beau*, perhaps, has not been true,  
In zealous Passions he has vow'd for you ;  
Which may discourage your Assistance, when  
Desir'd, for gaining Kindnesses to Men :  
Heav'n knows my Soul's sincere, and Love to feign,  
Is what my Heart will ever much disdain.  
I bear a Mind too free, to fawn on them,  
Or fondly write, but where I've found Esteem.  
And had I judg'd my Verses to my *Dear*  
Worth *Philomela's* view, I'd sent 'em here.  
It may be thought a very heavy Doom,  
That all hard Censure should incur for some.

I wish Success may crown all your Desires,  
 And pray your Aid now, where my Heart aspires.  
 Your Aid's the last Expedient I can try ;  
 There all the hopes I have of Life do lie.  
 Great are the Pains, thro' Love I undergo,  
 - Which, tho' unfelt by you, you truly know,  
 - And as you judg them, please your Favour show. }

*M A D A M,*

*Your great Admirer, and*

*humbly-devoted Servant,*

**Philabius.**

Philo-

---

Philomela *having not vouchsafed her  
Aid, Philabius writ his Farewel to  
his beauteous Mistress, as follows.*

*My only DEAR,*

**I**T grieves my Soul to write my last Adieu,  
To one I so entirely love, as you.  
All Happiness your Self and Friends I wish,  
Tho' no way kind to me, in my Address.  
I know Affection is not always free ;  
'Tho' one be fond, another may not be.  
Heav'n grants it, as a Favour, now and then,  
That where we love, we are belov'd agen.  
I find your Favour, *Dear !* I can't obtain ;  
And cease my Suit, which I could wish to gain :  
But cease, as doubting, all my Suit's in vain,  
Or 'stead of Favour, may incur Disdain.  
What I have writ already, pray resent  
With Kindness, as by me 'twas kindly meant ;

20      *The Unsuccessful Amours*

Which, tho' not worth your Thanks or Notice ;  
(still

A gentle Heart despises not good Will.

As far as I among the World converse,

Unfeigned Friends, I find, are very scarce ;

And wish I had one Friend on Earth, as true,

As, if accepted, I had been to you.

The Heav'ns, 'tis like, far greater Things design

T' attend your Fate, than Kindnesses of mine.

Heav'n grant my Life a quick and gentle end,

And let all Joy my *Dearest* still attend.

My joyful Hopes to Sorrows now must turn,

My *Muse* in Silence, shall for ever mourn,

'Till Death gives ease and quiet in my Urn.

Philabius.

*A gentle*



*A gentle Reviver, writ by Philabius  
to his beauteous Mistress.*

*My only DEAR,*

**I**'Ve try'd, and try'd, but find 'tis ne'er the near,  
T'unlove that Person, once I call'd my *Dear*;

*My only Dear*; and find she must be so,

In spite of all abus'd Love can do.

When Love's abus'd, in some it turns to Hate:

It can't in me; nay it's so far from that,

I rather love you more, if more may be,

When Love's exalted to its high'st degree.

To Love, and find great Sights, and almost Scorn,

May seem severe, and hardly to be born.

Yet this from you and yours I undergo,

And love you still entirely, and you know

Such Trials height of Love will truly shew.

Some, in Addresses, no resistance find;

Their Love-suit's easy, and their *Mistress*'s kind.

Kind Fortune with such Lovers sports and plays ;  
These freely may enjoy Love's Holy-days.  
Others in Love-suits Hardships undergo ;  
They can't prevail upon their *Mistress* so,  
But meet with Lets and Rubs, and yet, at last,  
Run smoothly on, and win the doubtful Cast.  
Some others more unfortunate than these,  
Reap but Disdain for all their Kindnesses.  
And such am I ; who yet, with chearful Mind,  
Bear even this ; to you, my *Dear* ! resign'd.  
'Tho' Heav'n on us is often pleas'd to frown,  
We must not be displeas'd, but still love on.  
Some Lovers *Beauty*, meerly for the sake  
Of *Beauty* love ; and seek not to partake  
Of more Enjoyments ; yet Disdain to them  
Would seem severe, and check their fond Esteem.  
I therefore even these, in Love surpass,  
And nothing stirs me, where my Love I place.  
That *Apathy* the *Stoicks* teach, to me  
Seems but a frigid-dull Philosophy :

With

With Patience arm'd just Passions let's pursue;  
It keeps our Thoughts in action, ever new.  
Let us agree then *Dearest!* to go on,  
I with my Love; and you with your Disdain.  
Time and Experience to us both will shew,  
Which in our Pursuits weary first may grow.  
I'm apt to think th'advantage on my side,  
Disdain, Love's kind Assaults, can scarce abide.  
Love sweetly charms the Mind, where it does reign,  
That Soul's uneasy, where there is Disdain.  
How then shall this hold out with that? but tire  
And yield to Love, as Nature does require,  
And this is that to which my Hopes aspire.

Philabius.

*Another Epistle writ by Philabius to  
his beauntious Mistrefs.*

*My only DEAR,*

**I**F Men distracted chance to give Offence,  
Good Natures turn it all to Innocence.  
I hope in you such Goodness I shall find ;  
O'er-doz'd with Love, I'm discompos'd in Mind.  
I write, and write, and know not what I do ;  
O! pardon this fond Trouble giv'n to you.  
With Thought o'er-set my Soul no rest can have,  
But in your Kindness, or my fatal Grave.  
Oft do my Friends dissuade me from my Suit,  
Such is my Love, no Friend on Earth can do't,  
Whate'er Severeness you to me shall shew ;  
If Love be true, 'twill creep where't cannot go,

Who

Who shall presume t'a Lover Laws prescribe ?  
The Law within him is his only Guide.

'Tshall not be said I vow'd Love to my *Dear*,  
And fell from what my Proteſtations were.  
Love now ſo long I've ſofter'd in my Breaſt,  
In wilful Bondage I muſt lie oppreſt.  
My Will is not my own to wiſh me free,  
Or eas'd of my endeared Miſery.

When Love's inflam'd, it's vain to ſeek an end,  
On it will go, as boundleſs as the Wind.

Oft by your Houſe, I ſad and muſing paſs,  
Fain would I enter; then I cry, Alas!

All is Unkindneſs there I ever found;  
Deſpairing Thoughts my willing Mind confound.

My Soul, at leaſt, is ever with my *Dear*,  
Her Charms admiring, whiſp'ring in her Ear.  
Soft is that Whiſper; which when you perceive  
In ſilent Thoughts, you roughly bid it, Leave.  
My Soul then ſilent for a while does ſtand,  
Humbly obedient to your dread Command.

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Watches a time its Courtship to renew,  
 Believe me, so 'will ever ever do.  
 Alas, my *Dear* ! take some small Care of me,  
 My Zeal for you a Person blind may see.  
 Long since it is I writ you an Adieu,  
 Can't yet resign to leave my Home and You.  
 Still am in Fear that dreadful Day will come,  
 Which I may truly call my Day of Doom.  
 If you enforce it, what can I then say ?  
 What Heav'n denies us, we cannot enjoy.  
 A Wand'rer in the World I then become,  
 No Friend I have on Earth, no House, nor Home ;  
 And if I had them, what are these to me,  
 When I'm debarr'd your dear Society ?  
 If I must leave my Country, Friends, and *Dear*,  
 And, as a Vagrant, wander here and there,  
 My Spirit mightily will return to you ;  
 Be not affrighted when you it shall view.  
 'Twill be as gentle, as my Heart is kind,  
 Begging and Praying Kindness I may find.

As

As you'd have Kindness from the Pow'rs above,  
Tho' not your Person, let me have your Love.  
I'm but your Eccho, Kindness thence you pray,  
Kindness from you my Soul again does cry.  
Heav'n grant that both our Prayers may be heard,  
Your Kindness mine, Heav'ns Kindness your Re-  
ward.

Philabius.

---

*The*

---

*The last intended Farewel writ by Philabius to his beauntious Mistress, on his bearing she was married to his Rival.*

*My only DEAR,*

**T**HIS Month is call'd, the merry Month of *May*;  
I wish to me 'twere as the People say.  
So 'twas in you to make it, had you pleas'd,  
My sad and discomposed Mind t'have eas'd.  
In Fields delightful lately I have gone,  
T'enjoy the pleasure of the glorious Sun ;  
Revive my Senses all the various ways,  
Our Sense, by Nature's Bounty, now enjoys.  
Our Eyes are feasted with the curious dye,  
Flowers display in great variety :  
Their fragrant Odours strangely please the Smell,  
Soft to the Foot the tender Meadows feel.

Young



Young Fruits delight the Taste ; the spacious Sky  
 Resounding with the charming Melody  
 Of chanting Birds, compleats our Senses Joy.,  
 Thrice happy those, whose undisturbed Mind  
 Calm Ease enjoys, when Nature is so kind.  
 Unhappy Man ! my Fate is most severe ;  
 I languish through th' unkindness of my *Dear*.  
 Cares, and despairing Thoughts my Soul oppress,  
 Without my *Fair* there is no Happiness.  
 Thus all complaining to my Self I talkt,  
 With Sorrows tir'd, while in the Fields I walkt.  
 At length, betwixt a *Lilly* and a *Rose*,  
 I lay'd me down to take a small Repose.  
 I could not sleep, but slumber'd for a while,  
 Th' uneasy time thus striving to beguile.  
 Long could not slumber, but awakt agen,  
 When, all surpriz'd, I saw the curious Scene  
 Of Nature chang'd, and wonder'd what did mean.  
 The Sun was clouded, and the Air was cold,  
 The Meadows all unpleasing to behold.

Their

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Their Verdure faded, all their Beauty gone,  
 The *Lilly* black, the blushing *Rose* turn'd wan.  
 While thus amaz'd, *Queen Mab* I chanc'd to spy,  
 With num'rous Train of *Fairies* standing by.  
 O *Queen*, I cry'd ! what means this sudden change,  
 Is Nature nigh its end ? 'tis wondrous strange.  
 The *Queen* enjoyn'd me Patience, then reply'd,  
 You know we often visit your Bed-side.  
 You are no Stranger to our ways ; you've seen,  
 How we're concern'd in all Designs of Men.  
 You Mortals oft propose your selves a Bliss,  
 In your Pursuits ; now that, and sometimes this.  
 We watch your Motions, know all you intend ;  
 Abet, or Counter, as Heav'n has design'd.  
 Think not that Men can gain all they pursue ;  
 Heav'n guides them by its providential Clew.  
 Whate'er they purpose, Heaven will dispose ;  
 Their fondest Longings often they must lose.  
 Strive not against great Providence's course,  
 Which leads the willing, others draws by force.

We

We are its Servants, in an Order, far  
Surpassing yours, your Guidance is our Care.  
With this Advice let me possess your Mind;  
If you'll live happy, live with Ease resign'd.  
Those fond Enjoyments Men would fain obtain,  
Prove often fatal, if they chance to gain.  
Man headlong runs presuming on his Wit,  
When Heav'n alone knows what for him is fit.  
This change of Nature, you so much admire,  
Is wrought by us, as we with Fate conspire.  
That Beauty in the Fields, when you lay down,  
All on a sudden, to your *Dear* is gone.  
You know of Beauty she had ever store,  
And those have much, you find will still have more.  
This we have lent her, for her Wedding-dress,  
To make her Person charming in Excess.  
Your Patience now, for I must tell you too,  
She's e'en now wedded, tho' unknown to you.  
Enquire not of me who the Man may be,  
We long since told you what's your Destiny:

Which

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Which future Times to you will make appear,  
 With what concerns your *Rival*, and your *Dear*.  
 This said, the *Queen* was in a moment gone  
 With her Attendants, leaving me alone.  
 I deeply sigh'd, enforc'd by Nature, tho'  
 Grief, in such Cases, us no Good can do.  
 And *Fairest* now its time to take my leave;  
 My long Farewel I therefore to you give.  
 Whate'er Unkindness I from you have found,  
 It's all forgot, and in my Fondness drown'd.  
 Kind Wishes you shall ever have from me;  
 Now humbly yielding to the Fate's Decree.  
 If by oft Writing I have you displeas'd,  
 I beg, at parting, I may be releas'd.  
 My Pen's fond Trouble now is wholly o'er,  
 Nor ever shall disturb my *Dearest* more.

Philabius.

*A second*

*A second Reviver writ by Philabius  
to his beautious Mistrefs, upon his  
being inform'd that the Report of her  
being married was false.*

*My only DEAR,*

**Q**Ueen Mab, you see, late put me in a Fright,  
To sport with Mortals *Faries* take delight.  
It's not the first time she has serv'd me so;  
Would now with Joy she'd recompence my Woe.  
When she said you were wedded, 'twas to try,  
How meekly with Heav'ns Orders I'd comply.  
And found 'twas with all Resignation done,  
Tho' hard, as if I'd sacrific'd a Son.  
O! could I be rewarded, as the Man,  
In whom such pure Obedience first began!  
The Queen now says, I may in Love proceed,  
Tho' still without assurance to succeed.  
Some gentle Hopes she grants I entertain,  
And leave the rest to Providence again.

D

No

No *India* Merchant ever would give more,  
 Effects, in his Adventure, to ensure.  
 With Hopes reviv'd, by leave, I then go on,  
 My heav'nly *Dear* saluting once agen:  
 And shall salute her Monthly, while on Earth,  
 Kind Heav'n vouchsafes my *Fairest* here to breath.  
 And she continues in unmarried State,  
 And Men are free to try contingent Fate.  
 Twice, since I heard you wedded, I'd a Mind  
 To see a Beauty, might, perhaps, been kind.  
 Twice, intervening Chances put me by  
 Of that Design, as 'twere by Destiny.  
 This makes me think (since you are single still)  
 There something lies conceal'd in Heav'n's Will,  
 Which You and I may fatally fulfil. }  
 I hear my Rival's lately at a stand,  
 As no Man Fortune can, at Will, command.  
 I wish him well, and ever shall; as he  
 Must have his Lot, so I my Destiny.  
 If, with your Favour, *Dearest*! now I may  
 Be free to utter what I have to say,

I think

I think I've Reason greatly to complain  
Of your hard dealing with such Love as mine.  
I need not tell you, what your conscious Mind  
Foretels you, that you have been most unkind.  
I am persuaded both your Friends, and You  
Must be convinc'd my Love is great and true.  
And that whatever here I have on Earth  
Is yours, at Will: I nothing for it crave  
But Kindness. If you cannot condescend  
To make me Husband; let me be your Friend.  
Your Friendship only, should engage me still  
To serve my *Dearest* with my utmost Zeal.  
Let me persuade you, *Dear!* no Friend to flight;  
When found, endear him, as your Bye does light.  
I mean a Friend, will firmly stand his Ground;  
Pretending Friends are common to be found.  
By Men of Learning Love has been defin'd,  
A fond desire we have of being kind  
To those we love, for Beauty's sake. To you  
Soon would I prove this Definition true,

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Would you give way ; and poss'bly might do more  
For you, than all the Friends you have in store.

As you are now at *Bath*, there would I be,  
If any hopes of Welcome I could see.

Whenever Love and Service hitherto  
I've tender'd, still they found Contempt with you.

As I strive to oblige, you take offence ;

For tender Kindness, 'tis hard recompence.

Tho' offer'd Service oft has such Success,

In you, I hop'd t'have found it otherwise.

I thought in you a mild-sweet Temper reign'd,

That tender'd Kindness would not be disdain'd.

O ! please to shew by some kind Word or Deed,

Your Lover, in so judging not deceiv'd.

To none for Friendship did I ever sue,

Or court for Kindness, as your Friends and You.

No Self-advantage therein I propose ;

Both Life and Fortunes for you I would lose.

Use, or abuse me, as you please ; you see

How great's the Force of stedfast Constancy.

Many



Many to me, in Kindness now excel,  
Only presuming, that I wish them well.  
From none such Usage, as from you, I've found,  
For whom my Love did ever most abound.  
Surely, there's something, tho' unknown to me,  
Moves your Averseness in so high degree.  
O! let me know, why you are so severe,  
Freedom allow, to try my self to clear.  
If I have Failures, so have other Men,  
We can but promise, that we'll mend agen.  
Nature I'd force to mend all Faults I have,  
And 'stead of Servant, I would be your Slave.  
My most endeared Princess you shall be,  
Rule me with Mildness, or with Tyranny.  
These Protestations, *Dearest!* please receive,  
And let your Lover, in your Favour, live.  
It's all on Earth, 'tis all he begs of you,  
So, with all Fondness, bids his *Dear* adieu.

Philabius.

---

*The last Address writ by Philabius to  
his beauntious Mistress.*

*My only DEAR,*

**H**ARD Case it seems, Heav'n should present to  
(Men  
Objects that please beyond their Strength ; and then  
Find Fault they love too much, and oft withstands  
Th' enjoyment of them, by its countermands.  
I own the Charm's abounding in my *Dear*,  
O'er-pow'r my Soul, that love I can't forbear :  
And tho' Heav'n seems t'oppose me hitherto,  
I can't desist, my Suit I must pursue.  
All ways I try my charming *Dear* to move ;  
I beg, I pray, I tender Life and Love,  
My Fortunes, Service, all that Man can do ;  
And this my All is still despis'd by you.

Would

Would, at the time, when first I kiss'd your Hand,  
I had been banish'd in some Foreign Land ;  
There to remain for ever, ne'er t'have seen  
This wretched State your Lover now is in.  
If you're resolv'd I perish ; pray be quick ;  
I'd rather die, than long continue sick :  
Say plainly, *Dear !* that mine you'll never be ;  
So seal my Death, conclude my Misery.  
Your Silence keeps me in continual Dread ;  
As tott'ring Stones when hanging o'er the Head,  
With Frights torment us, never giving rest :  
E'en thus am I now cruelly oppress'd.  
All my Invention now is at an end ;  
When Stocks are out, we have no more to spend.  
Words I here heap'd on Words with all my Zeal,  
Hoping thereby t'incline your gracious Will.  
No Word of Comfort can get from my *Fair* ;  
O! keep me now, if ever, from Despair.

Philabius!

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*A Copy of Verses, writ by a Platonick  
to his Valentine.*

*Most beautious Princess,*

WHEN joyful Birds have chose at Spring  
Their pretty Mates, they quaintly sing  
Their little Notes, and strive to please  
Those whom they love; I, taught by these,  
Salute my *Dearest* with this Air:  
As you surpass their fairest Fair;  
So should my Song their Chant excel;  
And 'twill, if you but say, 'tis well.  
See how their Quills with curious dyes,  
Are deckt, to please their Lovers Eyes.  
The inn'cent White, the constant Blue,  
The hopeful Green, and stately hew  
Of Purple, joyful Yellow's there,  
Gay Red, and Black, Badge of Despair.

There

There is no Passion of the Mind,  
But there exprest the Eye does find.  
Thus drest, they fly with Wings of Love  
Together to some pleasant Grove,  
Where nothing can disturb their Joys;  
All's calm, and still, and free from Noise.  
Some gentle Stream steals softly by,  
'Fraid to offend Love's Mystery.  
Sweet Flowers from the Fields beneath,  
With Smells perfume the Air they breath:  
Fresh Blossoms from the budding Trees,  
Afford them rare varieties  
Of Food: Thus blest in all Desires,  
They pass their Days in am'rous Fires.  
Blest Birds; but blest with sensual Joys,  
A Bliss for Birds: Alas! what Toys  
To Bliss of Man, the Bliss of Mind,  
To sensual Objects unconfin'd.  
With us, while, in this Frame of Clay  
We live, those Objects still convey

Into

42 *The Unsuccessful Amours, &c.*

Into our Minds the specious Rays  
Of Beauty, which incite, and raise  
Us, to contemplate that Divine  
Idol Beauty, seen to shine  
In Beauty's Source, whence *Fairest*, you  
And all Things here, their Beauty drew.  
There, Princess! your Idea lies,  
Fair, Spotless, charming in our Eyes.  
The Charms of Beauty here you bear,  
Still raise us to contemplate there;  
Where I with all Men evermore,  
Must love, admire you, and adore.

J. B.

*The*

---

*The Answer of Helena to Paris: Translated by a Country Shepherdes.*

THE PREFACE.

**T**HO' Lords and Knights, and others of the Town,  
 Inspired Poets all, of great Renown,  
 Have taught quaint Ovid speak our Mother Tongue,  
 In Language fit for Phœbus to have sung :  
 Yet since Mens Fancies change as Womens Dress,  
 I thought my self, tho' Country Shepherdes,  
 Might please as well, by off'ring somewhat new,  
 Tho' coming short of what before they knew.  
 And as more ways than one lead to a Mill,  
 Why may not many climb Parnassus Hill ?  
 E'en Women (for some of us rise betimes)  
 And fall into Enthusiastick Rhimes,

*In Love-Concerns, at least, for as we draw  
 Our Passions deep, when once our Hearts do thaw  
 We melt in Love: It's Helen's Case we find,  
 That beaution's Wonder of us Women-kind,  
 Who to our Paris thus exprest her Mind.*

*The ANSWER.*

**M**Y guilty Eyes your Letter having read,  
 Small Glory now to leav't unanswered.

• You then a Guest, 'gainst sacred Laws of Friends,  
 Dare tempt a Wife to break her Wedlock Bonds.

'Tis like, for this, when stormy Seas had tost  
 You here, you found your Safety on our Coast!

• And when you came a Stranger to our Port,  
 You were not barr'd the freedom of our Court!

These are the Thanks you to our Bounty owe!  
 Is this done like a Guest, or like a Foe?

I make no doubt, tho' my Complaint be just,  
 You'll call't uncourtly; be it, if it must.

Let



Let me be courtless, so an honest Wife,  
And that none find a blemish in my Life.

Altho' my Count'nance speaks me not severe,  
Tho' I use not a grave-affected Air,  
Yet am I spotless, and have liv'd my time,  
E'en unsuspected from the least of Crime.

The more's my Wonder what your Fancy fed,  
And gave you hopes you should enjoy my Bed.  
Cause *Theseus* once, by force, constrain'd me go  
With him; perhaps, you think to do so too.

Had I been drawn by's fawning Words, in me  
The Fault had been; but being forc'd, am free.

Nor by his Fact, did he his Will obtain;  
Unless by Fear, I, unhurt return'd again.

The sawcy Gallant only got a Kiss

Sometimes by striving, and was glad h'ad this.

It seems you, naughty Man, would more pursue,  
But Heav'n be prais'd, he was not like to you.

Modest in this, which made his Crime the less,  
He left m'unwrong'd, and did his Fault confess.

Sure

Sure he repented what h'ad done, that you  
Might all enjoy, d'you think he'll say so too?  
Yet I'm not angry, who can be with Love?  
Unless 'tis all but feign'd that you do move,  
And this I doubt, not that I you distrust,  
Or know not well my Face is not the worst.  
But cause an easy Faith does oft abuse  
Us, and they say Men Truth do seldom use.  
Tho' others sin, and few good Women known,  
Of those so few, why may not I be one?  
And tho' to you my Mother seems to be  
A fit Example in this thing for me:  
You know my Mother, by a false Disguise  
Of Feathers cheated, suffer'd a Surprise:  
If I should sin, I cannot say the same:  
Nor have I any Cloak to hide my Shame,  
She well might sin, the Author could dispence  
With her, what *Jove* will take off my Offence?  
Your Race, and ancient Blood, and Kingly Fanie  
You boast; our House is not to seek a Name.

To

To pass by *Jove*, as Great-Sire to *Atræus*  
 And all the Stock of *Pelops*, *Tyndarus*,  
*Jove* turn'd a Swan, deceiving *Leda*'ll own  
 Me for his Child, whom she embrac'd unknown.  
 Go now and boast your rife, if you think good,  
 From *Priam*'s, and your *Laomedon*'s Blood,  
 Whom I suspect ; but he on whom you build  
 Your Fame, is fifth from you, when I'm his Child.  
 And grant, your Crown of *Troy* I great should own,  
 I cannot but as much esteem our own.  
 Tho' you've more Riches, and your Subjects far  
 In number greater, yours *Barbarians* are.  
 Your rich Epistle talks of so much Gold,  
 'Gainst it a Goddess-heart might hardly hold :  
 But if 'gainst modest Laws I'd yield to sin,  
 'Tis you your self would sooner draw me in.  
 Or with my spotless Flame I'll live and die,  
 Or after you, not after Gifts, will fly.  
 Tho' I condemn them not ; for well I know,  
 They're grateful when the Giver makes them so.

But

But more your Love does move me and your Pain,  
And that for me you ventur'd o'er the Main.  
I also mark, tho' still conceal, as fit,  
Your Actions, when at Table you do sit.  
Sometimes on me you cast such piercing Eyes,  
That mine, to bear their Glances scarce suffice.  
Sometimes you sigh, sometimes my Cup you draw,  
And drink just at the place where me you saw.  
How oft your Fingers, and your speaking Brows,  
Have I seen making secret Signs and Vows:  
And often fear'd my Husband would perceive;  
And blush'd to see the open Marks you gave.  
I often softly to my self did say,  
This Man is shameless, and I think I may.  
I often found upon the Table writ  
My Name in Wine, *I Love* set under it.  
Some Mark I gave, I did not think it true:  
But since, alas! I've learn to say so too.  
To these Allurements, if inclin'd to sin,  
I should submit, 'tis this my Heart would win.

Tho'

Tho' I confess your Features I admire,  
 And your Embraces Ladies may desire.  
 But let some happy'r Person, lov'd by you,  
 Without a Crime enjoy, what I can't do.  
 Pray learn by me a Beauty to forbear ;  
 A Virtue 'tis, those things we love to spare.  
 How many, think you, wish for what you sue?  
 Have none discerning Eyes d'you think, but you?  
 You see not more, but rasher, more you dare,  
 You've not more Passion, but more shameless are.  
 Then should you've come, as swift as Winters  
 (Flood,

When, being a Virgin, me a thousand woo'd.  
 If then but seen, from all you'd had my Voice,  
 My Husband's self must pardon me my choice.  
 You're now too late, the thing you seek's possess'd,  
 And what you hope for's in anothers Breast.  
 To be your Wife yet should I still consent,  
 If *Menelaus* would be so content.  
 Pray cease with Words my tender Heart to move,  
 Don't go t'abuse her whom you say you love ;

But leave me to my Lot, by Fortune gi'en,  
Nor basely seek my Honours Spoils to win.  
*Venus* you say on *Ida* gave you this,  
Where you did judge three naked Goddesses:  
And when th'one promis'd Crowns, a Name divine  
In war the other, she said *Helen's* thine.  
I scarce believe those Heav'nly Queens content,  
To leave their shape to your arbitrement:  
And grant this true, sure th'other part is feign'd,  
That I should be your Gift, if *Venus* gain'd.  
I can't presume my Beauty such, that she  
Should say't the great'st Gift in her Treasury.  
I'm well content so Men my Shape approve;  
A treach'rous Praiser is the Queen of Love.  
Yet I'll not gainsay't, tho' I it admire;  
For why should I gainsay what I desire?  
Nor be you angry that my Faith is slow;  
Great things require no hasty Faith you know.  
First then, t'have liked *Venus* it's a Pleasure;  
Next, that you take me as your greatest Treasure:

And

And slighting th'Honours *Juno* did propose,  
 And *Pallas*, you from *Venus Helen* chose.  
 Then I'm to you both Virtue, and a Throne;  
 An Iron-heart such Love were bound to own.  
 Nor am I Iron (credit me ;) but may  
 I love him, whom I cannot hope t' enjoy ?  
 To what end should I plough the barren Sands,  
 And follow hopes the very place withstands ?  
 Untrain'd to *Venus*-Thefts, my Husband's Trust  
 I ne'er, as yet, abus'd, as Heav'ns just.  
 And now my Pen does correspond with you,  
 This thing to me is altogether new.  
 They're happy who're inur'd, my inn'cent Mind  
 Does think the way to Vice is hard to find.  
 I'm full of Fears and in Confusion, I  
 Suspect that all on me do cast their Eye.  
 Nor is it causeless, *Aethra* says, of late  
 The World talks of me at an evil rate.  
 Be therefore close, unless you'll quite give o'er;  
 Tho' why desist ? your Actions you may cover.

Act, but be wary, tho' we're somewhat free,  
By *Menelaus* absence, Spies can see.  
He's gone, 'tis true, a Voyage far away,  
For just and weighty Reasons could not stay.  
At least to me it seem'd, for when he slack  
And doubting stood, I said, pray make haste back.  
With th' Omen pleas'd he kist me'nd did commend  
To me the care of's House, and's *Trojan* Friend.  
I scarce held Laughter, striving at it, all  
I could return in Answer, was, I shall.  
So he to *Creete* with happy Wind is gone ;  
But do not think for this the World's your own.  
Tho' he be absent, yet his Guard is strong  
On me, you know Kings Hands are very long.  
Beside, my Fame and Shape you so much prais'd,  
In him the more his Jealousy has rais'd.  
In this Conjunction better 'twere I'd none,  
And that you'd let my Beauty's Praise alone.  
Nor wonder I'm left by my self, he knows  
What Confidence he in me may repose.

My



My Face he fear'd my Virtue trusted, there  
 My Faith's secur'd, where Beauty made him fear.  
 You with me not to let th' occasion die,  
 But that we use the Man's simplicity.  
 I would and fear, nor can I yet command  
 My wav'ring Will, my Heart is at a stand.  
 My Husband's absent, you've no Wife, in lieu,  
 Your Shape embraces me, and mine does you.  
 The Nights are long, and we converse alone,  
 Your Charms, alas! are great, our House is one:  
 And let me die, all things to sin conspire,  
 There's nought but Fear can check our fond Desire.  
 What weakly you persuade, would you could force,  
 To stir my Dulness, 'tis the likeliest course.  
 Sometimes th'abuse good for the Bearer's held;-  
 And surely I were happy, if compell'd.  
 But rather, let's surpass our young Desires;  
 A little Water quells new-kind'd Fires.  
 A Stranger's Love's unfixt, with him it flies,  
 Or when we think it most secure, it dies.

*Hypsiphile* and *Ariadne* stand

Sad Proofs against wedding Men of Foreign Land.

And you, unfaithful Man! are also said

These many Years t'have left *Oenone's* Bed:

You can't deny't, I boldly say't, and know

More of your Actions than you think I do.

And say, you constant would in Love remain,

You can't, the *Phrygians* would fetch you again.

And while you talk, and for that hoped Night

Provide, d'you know the Wind will then stand

(right?

When half Seas o'er, and-glutted with your Prey,

The blustering Winds will blow your Love away.

Shall I then go to *Troy* your Court to see?

Shall I great *Laomedon's* Grandchild be?

I slight not so the noise of flying Fame,

To spot my Country with eternal Shame.

Pray what will *Sparte*? what will *Achaia* say?

What *Asia's* Nations? what your very *Troy*?

What will judge *Priam* of me? what his Queen?

What all your Matrons, and your *Trojan* Kin?

And

And could your self e'er think that I'd be true,  
 If I should once do such a thing with you ?  
 When any Stranger (tho' by chance) you hear  
 Comes to your Port, he'll give you cause to fear.  
 How often, angry, you'll Adultres cry?  
 Forgetting you are guilty, more than I.  
 You'll be both Author, and condemn the Crime;  
 O let me die, e'er live to see the time.  
 But I shall all your *Trojan* Wealth enjoy,  
 And you your Gifts will greater make than say,  
 You'll give me Purple for my Princely Dress,  
 And heaps of Gold you talk I shall possess.  
 Your Pardon, if I say't, my Country's Love  
 Does draw me back, more than your Offers move.  
 Whom shall I call, if wrong'd, upon your Shoar?  
 What Brothers, or what Fathers help implore ?  
 Fair Promises false *Jason* to his Spouse  
*Medea* made, whom he expell'd his House.  
 No *Aetes*, nor *Ipsa* then was by,  
 No Friend, to whom, in her Distress to fly.

Such Dealing I suspect not, nor did she ;  
The fairest hopes are sometimes foil'd you see.  
Those Ships we hear so often cast away,  
At setting Sail, had calm and gentle Sea.  
The Torch does also fright, which before  
Your Birth, your frighted Mother dreamt she bore.  
And I do dread, what Prophets do forewarn,  
That *Grecian* Flames your Town of *Troy* shall burn,  
As *Venus* is your Friend, 'cause she obtain'd  
Her Suit by you, and double Trophy gain'd :  
So those I fear, whom (if your Boast be true)  
In their appeal, your Sentence overthrew.  
And certain 'tis, War follows, if I fly,  
And clashing Swords our Love will soon unty.  
Did not *Hippodameia* *Athra* stir,  
Against the *Centaurus*, to a bloody War ?  
Can *Menelaus*, think you, tamely hush  
Th' Affront ? my Brothers, and King *Tyndarus* ?  
And tho' you boast your Valour, at your Sword,  
Your Face, methink, does contradict your Word.

You

You seem more fit for *Venus*, than for *Mars* ;  
 Let *Paris* love, and others follow Wars.  
 Let *Hector*, whom you praise, his War pursue ;  
 There is another Warfare fit for you.  
 In that your Skill I've half a Mind to try ;  
 A wiser Lady would, and why not I ?  
 Or else, perhaps, 'twere better quit the Field,  
 And e'en to you my conquer'd Hand to yield.  
 Whereas you pray we may of these Things treat  
 In private ; I know what you would be at.  
 But you're too quick, you'd reap before you've sown ;  
 Perhaps your stay makes for you, tho' unknown.  
 These Secrets of my guilty Mind I send  
 To you ; and thus my weary Pen does end.  
 We by *Clymene* may the rest confer,  
 Or *Aethra*, both my Friends and Council are.



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A  
New Translation  
OF  
VIRGIL's  
Sixth Æneid,  
AND  
Fourth Eclogue.

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T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**H**AVING a Book, in a forwardness for the Press, relating to the Symbolical Theology of the Gentiles ; and Virgil being known to have been critically learned in that kind ; and the most learned parts of his Works thereunto relating being his Sixth Æneid and Fourth Eclogue , it entred into my Thoughts lately to peruse them : And on the perusal, conceiving I should more clearly possess my self of his Sense, by a Translation, than by a cursary Reading, I applied my self to it ; and such as it is, have now permitted it to the Press : And conceive, as to the main, it may appear to an indifferent Reader, more easy, and more clearly comprehending Virgil's Sense, than Mr. Ogylby's ; whose Notes with others, for Illustration, the Reader may make use of, if he pleases, it being beside my present Business to make Comments ; and Virgil, taking him either in the Original, or in any Translation, being unintelligible in many Places without good Assistance in that kind, he presupposing much Learning in a Reader. As for Mr. Dryden's Translation of Virgil, I must own, I heard it was extant before I set upon mine ;  
but

but I could not get sight of it in the Country where I then was. As I have look on some parts of it since, I cannot pretend to have giv'n Virgil that Lustre, in what I have translated of him, which Mr. Dryden, by his more copious way of Expression, has done, I having generally endeavour'd to hold way with Virgil Verse for Verse. However, in regard I look on Virgil as an Author, which may be set in several Lights by Translators, for making him more clearly intelligible, I have not withheld the small part I have translated from the Publick.

J. B.

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The

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*The Sixth Book of Virgil's Æneids.*

THus weeping speaks, and sets his Fleet to Sea,  
And came t' *Æuboean Cuma* 'n *Italy*:

Their Prows they Sea-wards turn, with Anchors  
moor, (Shoar.

Their Ships; whose Bow-built Sterns front all the  
The crowding Youth with eager Spirit lands,

Some striking Fire with Flints, the wild Beasts dens  
Some storm for Wood, fresh Rivers some descry;

Mean while *Æneas*, fam'd for Piety,

*Apollo's* Temple minds, his Thoughts are on

The *Sibyll's* Cave, and dread recess, by none  
Approacht, but with an awful Terror; where

*Apollo* future Truths makes known to her,

Inspiring an excess of Mind: And so,

To *Trivia's* Groves, and *Phæbus* Tow'r they go.

*Dædalus,*

*Dæd'lus*, t'escape from *Minos* (as they say)  
 Daring with Wings in th' Air to make his way,  
 By course, before unheard of, Northward past,  
 And gently pitch'd on *Chalcis* Tow'r, at last.  
 Aſsoon's arriv'd, *Phæbus* ! his Wings to you  
 And Art he ſacred made, and Temple now.  
 In front of which *Androgeus* Death was carv'd ;  
 And, as to *Athens* 'twas a Pain reſerv'd  
 To pay ſev'n pairs of Children yearly ; there  
 Stands Pot, and Lot's drawn for them, ev'ry year.  
 On th' opp'ſite part *Creete* ſtands above the Sea,  
 Where's ſeen the curſt Love of *Pafiphae*,  
 And how, by ſlight, the Bull ſhe underlay.  
 Here's the mixt Race, and biſform *Minotaure*,  
 All Mon'ments of nefarious Luſt : And here  
 The *Lab'rinth* whence none ever could get clear.  
 Tho *Dæd'lus* finding *Ariadne* involv'd  
 In deſp'rate Love, through Pity once reſolv'd  
 The Craft-contriv'd Windings of the Maze,  
 By guidance of a Thread through all its ways.

And

And *Ic'rus*, you, had Grief gi'en way, good part  
 In this great Work had had : Your chance by Art,  
 Your Father twice essay'd t'engrave in Gold ;  
 Twice his Hand faild him, and his Heart grew cold.  
 Soon had they view'd all ; but *Achates* sent  
 Before, return'd with her for whom he went  
*Deiphobe*, *Glaucus's* Daughter, Priestess, both  
 To *Trivia* and *Phæbus* : Who t'*Æneas* saith,  
 This is no time such Sights to view : But now  
 'Tis fit you slay sev'n Stierres, untrayn'd to Plow,  
 As many Sheep, chosen as our Laws allow.

This said t'*Æneas*, done without delay,  
 The *Trojans*, call'd to Temple, all obey ;  
 A mighty Cave, but in the Mountains side,  
 To which an hundred ways, and Gates do guide.  
 Whence hundred Voices, *Sibyll's* Answers pass.  
 They came to th'entrance ; when the Virgin says,  
 Time calls t'enquire of Fate, Lo ! God appears,  
 And saying thus, straitway before the Doors,

Her Count'nance and her Colour chang'd ; her Hair  
Dechevell'd flew ; her-Breast, as wanting Air,  
And fill'd with Sacred Rage, does pant, and swell :  
And now she seems self-greater, and to tell  
Things more than human : Being more nearly  
(inspir'd

She cries, *Aeneas* ! don't you, as requir'd,  
Your Vows and Prayers offer ? For, till then,  
In this Stupendious House, no or'cle's gi'en.  
This said, she stopt : The *Trojans* quake with fear ;  
*Aeneas* then, pour'd forth this hearty Pray'r.

O *Phæbus* ! always pittying Hardships sent  
On *Trojans* ! who did guide the Dart was bent  
By *Paris* at *Achilles* : By your Hand  
Being guided, Seas surrounding Tracts of Land  
Of vast extent I've entred ; past the *Moors*  
Remotest bounds, and all their sandy Shoars.  
And now, tho' baulked long, we're hither come,  
So far pursu'd still by our *Trojan* doom.

And

And now the *Trojans* you of right shou'd spare,  
All Gods and Goddesses, who ever were  
Displeas'd with *Troy*, and *Trojan* Glory: 'nd you }  
Most holy Priests! knowing things t'ensue, }  
(Since I ask nothing to my Fates undue;  
Tell us the *Trojans*, and tost Gods of *Troy*,  
And wand'ring Deities, *Latium* shall enjoy;  
To *Trivia* 'nd *Phæbus* Temples then I'll raise  
Of Marble, and in's Name set Holy Days:  
And in my Kingdoms Sacred Structures I  
Will build to keep your Books of destiny,  
And secret Fates foretold my Nation; and  
Choice Men appoint, as Sacred, for that end.  
Only I wou'd, you write them not, lest they }  
To rapid Winds become a sport and prey, }  
But speak them: Ending thus what he shou'd say, }

Now she impatient *Phæbus* yet to bear  
Within the Cave does rage, and strives to clear

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Her loaded Breast of him ; still he the more  
 Her raging Heart and Mouth does over pow'r  
 And toyls her, and so works to tempet meet.  
 And now the Temples hundred Gates, which yet  
 Were clos'd, flie ope of their accord ; and thro'  
 Them flie the *Sibyll's* Answers, thus. O you !  
 Who now have past all dangers on the main,  
 Were fated for you ; know there still remain  
 On Land far greater : *Trojans* shall possess  
*Lavinia's* Kingdom (doubt you not of this)  
 But they'll wish not t'have come, Wars horrid

(Wars,

I see, and *Tyber* foaming with much Blood.  
*Simois* and *Xanthus* here you'll find made good ;  
 And *Dorique* Tents : And an *Achilles* now  
 In *Latium's* born ; and of a Goddess too.  
 Nor will the *Trojans* (go they where they please)  
 Be without *Juno* : When, in your distress ;  
 You were suppliant to what Countries here  
 And Towns did you not sue for aid ? Be sure

A for-



A forreign Wife, and extern Match will be  
 The cause again of so much Misery.  
 But boldly stem Misfortunes, yield to none,  
 What scarce you'd think, your entrance to this  
 (Crown  
 Will first be shewn you from a *Grecian* Town.

The *Sibyll* utters, with such Words as these,  
 From th'or'cle, dread ambiguous Prophecies,  
 Resounding in the Cave; *Apollo* so  
 The raging Virgin stimulates to do.  
 Alsoon's her Fury ceas'd, and Rage was o're.  
*Aneas* thus begins. O Virgin pure!  
 No unexpected face of toyls, or new,  
 Can rise to me; my Mind has all in view.  
 I beg this one thing (since they say the Gate  
 Of Hell is here, and that Infernal Lake  
 Of *Acheron*) vouchsafe that I go see,  
 And speak with my dear Father: You, I pray,

Be guide, and ope those Sacred Gates; for I  
 Have snatch'd him from the midst of th'Enemy;  
 And, on these Shoulders, born him thro' the Fire  
 And thousand Darts pursuing in the rear.  
 And he again, in Voyages with me,  
 Being weak, has born all Hardships of the Sea,  
 Indeed, beyond his Strength, and ag'd decay.  
 Nay, and, with great Intreaty, he did press,  
 My humble waiting on you, and Address.  
 Pray pity then the Father, and the Son,  
 O Virgin! all's in you; 'tis not in vain  
*Hecate* plac'd you o're *Avernus* Grove  
 If *Orpheus*, playing on his Harp, cou'd move  
 His Wives return from Hell: If from the Earth  
*Pollux*, his Brother by alternate Death,  
 Redcem'd, what shall I of *Alcides* say,  
 And *Theseus*? I'm from *Jove*, as well as they.  
 Thus th'*Hero* pray'd, and th'Altar held; to whom  
 The *Sibyll* thus began. O you that come  
 Of heav'nly Race! It's easy going to Hell:  
 Black *Dis*'s Gates, we know, are open still:

But

But to return, and rise to the bright Sun,  
Here lies the toilsome Work : Few this have done  
Whom *Jove* has lov'd, or ardent Vertues raise  
Us to the Skies, or God-born Men : The ways  
That lie betwixt, with Woods are all beset,  
And dread *Cocytus* close surrounds the Pit ;  
But if your Mind be such, so great your Zeal,  
To visit twice the *Stygian* Lakes, and Hell ,  
And this mad Labour needs you'll undergo,  
Then learn of me what first you have to do.  
Within a dark thick-shaded Tree lies hid  
A *Bow* with Golden Leaves, and pliant Twig  
T'*Infernal Juno* Sacred ; this the whole  
Grove covers, and dark Vally Shades withal :  
But none the cov'ring of the Earth can pass,  
Till he this *Golden Bow* shall first possess,  
This present to her self *Proserpine* claims,  
If one be gather'd, strait another comes,  
Which Branches with such Leaves as th'other did.  
Then seekt with care, and finding, where 'tis hid,

Take't with your Hand; for if you're call'd by Fate,  
 'T will come with ease; if not you ne're can have't  
 With all your Strength; e'en Iron then's in vain.  
 Beside, while here you stand, your Suit to gain  
 A friend of yours, ah! don't you know't? lies dead;  
 Whose Corps pollutes your Fleet: First carry'd  
 T'its proper place, let it be bury'd;  
 Take black Beasts with you; let them expiate  
 Before you do't; then guided by your Fate  
 The *Stygian* Groves, and Kingdoms you shall view,  
 Unpast by Men, this said, she silent grew.

*Aeneas* sad, with down-cast look, goes on,  
 Leaving the Cave, and much self-musing on  
 Those blind Events: With whom his faithful  
 (Friend,  
*Achates* goes, with no less plodding Mind.  
 Much 'twixt themselves they talk'd, what Friend  
 (was dead,  
 Whose Corps the *Sibyll* wou'd have bury'd.

And

And on the dry Shoar, as they came, they see  
*Misennus* slain, by unmeet Destiny.

*Misennus*, sprung of *Æolus*, famed for  
His Trumpet, bravely stirring Men to War ;  
At *Troy*, Companion to great *Hector*, where  
He bravely serv'd, with Trumpet, and with Spear.  
When *Hector* by *Achilles* Sword was slain,  
This *Hero* with *Aeneas* join'd again,  
Making his Post as great as it was then.

But founding's Trumpet on the Shoar for skill,  
Rashly presuming Gods to Contest call,  
A Rival *Triton* (if like Truth it sounds)  
This Man,'mong Rocks, in foaming Waters drowns.  
All therefore, round him, much lament and cry,  
Most good *Aeneas*, and without delay,

The *Sibyll's* Will perform ; contend to raise  
His Fun'ral Pile, with Trees, up to the Skies.  
An ancient Wood they enter, horrid Den  
Of wild Beasts, down the pitch Trees fall amain.  
The Holm, with Axes struck, within the Grove  
Resounds ; the Oak and Ash abroad are cleve

With

With Wedges; from the Mountains rowling fall  
Wild-Ashes of a mighty Bulk: In all

This Work *Æneas* foremost, cheers his Men,

And, by's Example, moves them to go on.

And sadly musing on these Things, as he

The Wood beheld, he thus began to pray.

Would now, in this great Wood, that *Golden*

*Bow*

you,

Would shew it self; since all Things said of  
*Misenus*! by the *Sybyll*, prove too true.

Scarce had he said this, when before his Eyes,  
Two Doves, as chanc'd, came flying from the Skies  
And on the green Soil pitch'd; the *Hero* then  
Knew's Mothers Birds; and joyous, pray'd agen.  
O! if there's any way, be you my Guide,  
Direct my Course, as thro' the Air you glide  
Into those Groves; whose fertile Soil, the *Bow*  
So fam'd does shade: And you, fair Parent! now  
Forfake me not in this Distress: This said,  
He walkt observing all the Signs they made;

Whi-

Whither they feeding tended; they in Flight  
 Went on, as not to lose the Foll'wers sight.  
 And, as they came t' *Avernus* stinking side,  
 In moment rais'd, they thro' the *Æther* glide,  
 And take their wish'd Seat on the bisorm Tree,  
 Whence Gold its various Colours did display.  
 As Mistletoe in Winter-time is known  
 With Leaves to flourish, from Seed, not its own,  
 And twine its yellow Branches round the Limbs;  
 In this thick-shaded Holm the Gold such seems,  
 Such rustling noise its Leaves make by the Winds,  
*Æneas* grasps it strait, with greedy Hand,  
 And gather'd, goes the *Sibyll* to attend. *~*  
 Mean while, the *Trojans* on the Shoar, bewail  
*Misenus*; nothing in last Duties fail.  
 First, of cleft Oak, and pitchy Woods they build  
 A mighty Pile; whose Sides are stuck and fill'd  
 With mourning Bowes, the Front with Cyprus  
 (drest  
 On top, t' adorn it, shining Arms are plac'd.

Some

Some in Brass-vessels Water heat, and wash  
The dead Corps, and anoint it ; then they pass  
A mourning Out-cry ; then lay't on a Bed,  
And with rich Purple-cloaths its covered.  
Some the sad Office undergo, the Hearse  
To bear ; and, as of old, with Face averse  
Their Totch apply ; much Frankencense withal  
They burn, delicious Meats, and Pots with Oil.  
After the Ashes fell, and Flame had ceast,  
The Relicks they with Wine, and th'Embers washt,  
And *Choryneus* put, in Urn of Brass,  
The remnant Bones ; and his Associates.  
Thrice sprinkled round, and purg'd, with Water  
And peaceful Olive-branch ; so all was o'er. (pure  
But good *Aeneas*, as the Custom was,  
Rais'd him a mighty Tomb : For Arms did place  
An Oar and Trumpet, near a Mountain high,  
*Misenus* call'd from him ; and e'er will be.  
This done, the *Sibyll's* Orders he forthwith  
Accomplishes ; there was a vast deep Cave

With



With dreadful Mouth, strew'd with rough little  
(Stones,  
Woods and a black Lake guard it, as its bounds ;  
O'er which no Birds, without much danger fly,  
Such Breath from its dark Mouth mounts to the Sky.  
From whence the *Greeks*, *Avernus* nam'd this Lake.  
Here first he plac'd four Stieres of Colour black,  
And Wine the Priest pow'rd on their Foreheads,  
then (grown  
Took the stiff Hairs which 'twixt their Horns were  
And as first Off'rings, on the sacred Fire,  
Lays them, loud calling *Hecate*, whose Pow'r  
Is great Heav'n and Hell. Some with their Knife  
The Victim slay, and the warm Blood receive  
In Bowles. *Aeneas* slays with's Sword a Lamb  
Black-colour'd to the Fury's Mother, and  
Her Sister great. A barren Cow to you  
*Proserpine*. Then might Altars drest anew  
To *Pluto* : Th'Oxen's Flesh then on the Flames  
He lays, and pours on Oil as it consumes.

And

And now, behold ! about Sun-rising th'Earth  
 Under their Feet began to groan, therewith  
 The Woods to move ; and thro' the Shades they see  
 The howlings Dogs, the Goddeſſes drawing nigh.  
 The *Sibyll* cries, far now, O far be gone  
 From this whole Grove, you Men that are profane.  
 And you, with Sword in Hand, come on your way,  
*Aeneas* now your Courage you muſt try.  
 This ſaid, with ſacred Rage into the Cave  
 She ruſht, whom he attends, as fearleſs brave.  
 You Gods who Souls command, you ſilent Shades,  
*Chaos*, and *Phleg'ton*, Places where reſides  
 Perpetual Night: Let me, impow'r'd by you,  
 Speak things I've heard, in darkneſs drown'd till now.  
 They went benighted thro' dark ſhaded ways,  
 And *Dis* his Kingdom, where no Body was.  
 As is the paſſage thro' a Wood by Night,  
 When neither Moon nor Stars give any Light,  
 And darkneſs takes all Colours from the Sight.  
 Before the entrance, and fiſt Mouth of Hell,  
 Grief and revenging Thoughts have plac'd their Cell.

There

There pale Diseases, sad old Age, and Fear,  
 Base Want, and ill-advising Hunger were  
 All dreadful Forms to see: And Death and Toil,  
 And Death's near Kinsman, drowsy Sleep, and all  
 Mind's sinful Joys: And on the opp'site side  
 Stands deadly War; the *Fury's* Iron-bed,  
 And senseless *Discord*; who Serpentine Hair,  
 With bloody Hair-lace interwove, does wear.  
 In midst, a vast thick-shaded Elm displays  
 Its ancient Branches, where (as Rumour says)  
 Vain Dreams reside; and stick to all the Leaves.  
 Monsters beside, of many kinds, with these  
 Stand at the doors; the bisform *Scylla's* there,  
 The *Centaures*, and the strong *Briareus* were.  
 There th'*Hydra*, the *Chimera*, *Gorgons*, and  
 The *Harpies*, with Tree-bodied *Geryon* stand.  
*Aeneas* here, with sudden Fright, being fear'd,  
 Presents his Sword, and stands upon his Guard.  
 And if the *Sibyll* had not told him, they  
 Were aery Souls, which such like Shapes display,  
 H'ad vainly strove with's Sword, the Ghost to slay.

Hence

Hence leads the way to *Ach'rons* Waters, here  
 A vast-foul-muddy Whirl-pool-gulfe boils o'er,  
 Into *Cocytus* spewing all its Sands.

The nasty Boatman *Charon* here attends

These Streams, and horrid Water he commands:

Appearing with great hoary-careless Beard

And flaming Eyes; his Cloths with Dirt besmear'd

Hang down from's Shoulders, by a Knot secur'd:

With Oar and Sails his Vessel still he plies,

And Bodies in's dark-colour'd Boat conveys

Grown old; but as a God, in Strength seems young,

Here, on the Banks, the crowding Shadows throng.

Women and Men, the Ghosts of *Heroes*, Boys,

Girls, Children dead before their Parents Eyes:

As thick as Leaves, in Autumn, fall in Woods,

Or, from the Main, to land come Flocks of Birds,

When Winter drives them from beyond the Seas,

And sends them where they may enjoy warm Ease.

The first come, begging to be Ferry'd o'er,

With Hands stretcht out, desiring th' other Shoar.

But

But the rough Boat-man sometimes into's Boat  
Takes these, or those, and leaves some others out.

*Aeneas*, wondring at the crowding Ghosts,  
Says, Virgin! what's this Concourse on these Coasts?  
What seek these Souls? Why do some leave the  
(Shoar,

And others, on these Waters, ply their Oar?

To whom the *Sibyll* briefly thus replies;

*Anchises* Son, true Off-spring of the Skies.

You see *Cocytus*, and the *Stygian* Lake,

By which, being sworn, their Oath Gods dare not  
(break.

This Crowd, you see, is of unbury'd Men,

The Boat-man's *Charon*, those on Water seen,

Are bury'd; nor can any Ghosts before

Pass from these horrid Banks to th'other Shoar.

They rove an hundred Years about this place;

At length admitted, come with Joy, to pass.

*Aeneas* stood, then walk'd with plodding Mind,

Pittyng th'hard Fate such Persons did attend.

He saw there sad, and wanting Burial right  
*Leucaspis*, and *Orontes* by his side,  
 The *Lycian* Captain: In their Course from *Troy*  
 Both with their Ship, by South-wind, cast away.  
 And, Lo! the Steers-man *Palinurus* there;  
 Who, as, by Stars, from *Lybia* he did Steer,  
 Fell head-long from his Stern, when half Seas o'er.  
 As soon's *Aeneas* knew him 'mongst the Shades,  
 He thus bespeaks him first. Who of the Gods,  
 O *Palinurus*! took you from us, and  
 Drown'd in the Sea? Let me this understand,  
*Apollo* in no Answer fail'd, but this,  
 Who told me you were safe upon the Seas,  
 And should arrive in *Italy*. Is't thus  
 He keeps his word? Then *Palinurus* said,  
*Apollo's* Or'cle has not you deceiv'd.  
 For as the Stern I held, our Course to steer  
 Broke off, by chance, thro' my much toying there,  
 I drew it with me, as I head-long fell:  
 And by tempestuous Seas I swear withal.

Less fear then seiz'd me for my self, than lest  
Your Ship its Stern, and Master having lost,  
Shou'd founder, with those turgid Waves being  
(toft.)

Three bitter Nights a violent South-wind blew,  
And drove me o'er vast Seas: With much ado,  
The fourth of *It'y* I got fight, as on  
High Waves I lay; then made to Land, and soon  
Arriv'd secure: But cruel People there,  
As I came clogg'd with Garments wet to Shoar,  
And held a Rock, fell on me, Arms in hand  
As thinking some rich booty they had gain'd.  
Now on the Shoar, by Winds I'm toft about,  
And therefore beg by Heav'ns sweet Air and Light,  
Your Father, and *Jule's* rising hope, you'll free  
Me from these Ills; and that you bury me,  
(For you may do't) and search all *Velia's* Port;  
Or if some other way Heav'n shews you so't,  
(For I believe, without Heav'ns Aid, you ne'er  
Came to this *Stygian* Lake, and Rivers here)

Vouchsafe a Wretch your help, and now convey  
 Me o'er these Waters with you; that I may  
 A quiet Seat, in Death, at least enjoy.

Thus having spoke, the *Sibyll* said, I admire  
 Whence *Palinurus*! comes this curst Desire.  
 Wou'd you, unbury'd, pass the *Stygian* Lake,  
 And *Fury's* Streams, these Banks unbid forsake?  
 Hope not by Suit to change the Gods decree,  
 But take this comfort of your Chance from me.

The Bord'ers, far and near, by Judgments, forc'd  
 From Heav'n, shall expiate your Bones on their

(Coast,

Erect a Tomb, pay Fun'ral Rites, and e're  
 Fam'd *Palinurus* name the place shall bear  
 By these her Words his troublous Thoughts being  
 (cas'd,

He with the Sirname, giv'n the place was pleas'd.  
 They then go on, and near the River came,  
 Whom *Charon*, who from's *Stygian* Lake had seen  
 A far off passing in the silent Wood,  
 Their Course directing to the place he stood,

Thus



Thus first assails with Words, and freely chides,  
 Who e'er you are come arm'd t'our River sides,  
 Say why you come, and make a stand there right;  
 This is the Place of Ghosts, sleep, drowsy night.

I may not pass live Bodies in my Boat,  
 Nor was I pleas'd *Alcides* came into't.

Nor *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, tho' sprung  
 All from the Gods; and Men would yield to none.

He fought, with's Strength, Hell's keeper to subdue,

And from K. *Pluto's* Throne him trembling drew;

And these his Queen from's Chamber would have

The *Sibyll* briefly thus to him reply'd; (too.

Here's no such Treason; Anger lay aside.

Our Arms are meer Defence; Hell's keeper's free,

Barking, to awe the Ghosts eternally.

Let chaste *Proserpine* keep her Uncle's Room;

*Æneas*, who for Zeal and Arms is known,

Sprung of *Troy's* Royal Blood, is hither come.

To see his Father, in the Shades below;

If no respect such Piety you shew;

You know this Bow (so ope's her Garment where  
 'Twas hid) and seen, his Passion strait was o'er.  
 No more being said: The fatal Gift h'admires,  
 Not seen before for many many Years.  
 And sets his tawny Boat close to the Shoar,  
 Thence driving all the Ghosts stood there before.  
 And clearing's Seats, in's wicker Vessel took  
 The stout *Aeneas*; whereupon it shook,  
 And crackt, and let much Water in: Tho' still  
 On th'other Shoar he landed them, at Will, }  
 On Mudd, and Marshy Weeds, the Coast do fill.  
 The monstrous three-mouth'd *Cerb'rus* in a Den  
 There opp'site barking, makes the Country ring.  
 To whom, being frightful to Spectators view,  
 With Snakes about his Neck, the *Sibyll* threw  
 A *Bolus*, made of Drugs to her well known,  
 With Hony mixt; which strait he swallow'd down.  
 And on the Ground, with this, he reeling fell,  
 Extending's mighty Body o'er the Cell.  
 Hell's Ward's asleep, *Aeneas* th'Entrance seiz'd,  
 Leaving the Lake, which no Man e'er repast.

Just entring, Voices and great Cries they hear  
Of Children: Infants Souls stand wailing there,  
Who sweet Life scarce enjoy'd, but from the Breast  
Were forc'd by Fate; and sent to their long Rest.

Next these are Men unjustly judg'd to die,  
Tho' not without their lotted Destiny.

Th'Inquis'tor *Minos* bears the Lot-pot, he  
Ghost-Juries calls Mens Lives and Crimes to try.

The next are such, who, tho' no Crimes they had  
Life hating thro' Despair, themselves destroy'd,  
And threw their Souls away; what would they do,  
Life to regain? what Hardships undergo?

But Fate withstands it, and the Lake them bounds,  
And *Styx's* Waters nine times them surrounds.

Not far from hence; as far as th'Eye can reach,  
The mourning Fields lay round; they name  
(them such;

In secret Av'nues and a Myrtle Grove.

Here Persons stand, brought to their ends by Love, }  
Whose restless Cares e'en Death it self survive. }

Here he sees *Phædra*, 'nd *Procris*, and the sad  
*Esiphyle*, who shews the Wounds she had  
 From her own Son. *Evadne* here he saw,  
*Pasiphaë*, and *Laodamia*;  
 And *Cæneus*, who at first a Girl had been  
 And then a Man, a Woman then agen.  
 'Mongst whom *Phænician Dido*, in the Wood  
 Walkt as the rest; her Wounds all fresh with Blood.  
 Whom, when *Aeneas*, as he near her came,  
 Got sight of thro' the dark Shades; as a Man }  
 Sees, or, imagines that he sees the Moon  
 Just turn'd the new, thro' cloudy Skies; he weeps  
 And thus with tender Love his Mistress greets.  
 Unhappy *Dido*! a true Message then,  
 Was brought me; you are dead, with Dagger slain.  
 Alas! I caus'd your Death; by Heav'n I swear }  
 And Gods above; and if ought Faith be here,  
 'Twas 'gainst my Will, O *Queen*! I left your Shoar. }  
 By Gods commands I did it; which compell  
 Me now, to pass these darksome Shades of Hell

Thro'

Thro' loathsome rotten Ways: Nor could believe  
My parting from you would, cause so much Grief.  
Pray stay, and go not from me, whom d'you fly?  
This is the last Thing I to you can say.

With such like Words he strove her angry Meen  
And fretted Soul t'appease, and wept agen.

She turn'd her Head, and on the Ground her Eyes

She fixt, no more concern'd at all he says,  
Than might a Flint, or th'hardest Stone that is.

At length she starts, and to the shady Wood

She swiftly pafst, where her *Sichæus* stood,  
Who Love for Love return'd in high degree.

And ne'ertheless *Aeneas* mov'd to see  
Her ill chance, follows weeping all the way.

Thence he proceeds, with Zeal, the Fields to view,

For famous Warriors 'lotted: There he knew

*Tydeus*, the fam'd *Parthenopeus*; and

*Adrastus* pale Ghost there he saw to stand.

The noble *Trojans*, who in Battle fell,

He viewing all in order, did bewail

*Glaucus, Medon, Therfilocus*, with these  
*Antenor's* three Sons, and *Polybetes*.

The Priest of *Ceres* ; and *Idaus*, who  
 His Arms and Chariot holds in's Hand , e'en now.  
 The crowding Souls on Right and Left surround,  
 With one sight of him not content, they stand,  
 And fain would know why he came to their Land.

The *Trojan* Nobles, and great Army there  
 Of *Agamemnon*, seeing him appear  
 With Arms bright shining in the Shades, began  
 To quake with Fear, and part of them to run,  
 As living they ran to their Ships ; some try'd  
 To raise their low-still Voice, and loud t'have cry'd,  
 And stood, their Mouths all vainly gaping wide.

And here he saw *Deiph'bus* mangled fore ;  
 His Face disfigur'd, and his Body tore,  
 His Nose cut off, his Ears , his Hands ; that he,  
 Striving withal that none his Maims should see  
 Thro' Shame, could scarce be known : But strait  
*Aeneas*, calling him by's Name, thus said.

Valiant *Deiphobus*, sprung of *Troy's* great Blood ;  
What cruel Man would use you in this sort ?  
Or, whom would God permit to do't ? I heard  
That you being wear'ed with the Slaughter great }  
You made of *Grecians*, in *Troy's* fatal night,  
Dy'd on the Heap, among the Crowd confus'd,  
Then I my self a Mon'ment for you rais'd  
On *Rhetia's* Coast, and loudly thrice did call  
Your Ghost : The Place your Name and Arms has  
(still.

But Friend ! I could not see you, and Interr  
In your own Country, as 'twas my desire.  
*Deiph'bus* then, on your part nothing's left,  
Dear Friend ! you've done my Ghost all Fun'ral  
(right.

'Twas my Fate, and *Læna's* Cruelty  
Brought on me this ; she left these Marks on me.  
For, as we pass't that last night in false Joys :  
You know't ; and can't but too well mind how 'twas  
When th' Horse by Fate pass't o'er th' high Walls of  
And armed Men, in's Bowels, did convey. (*Troy*,  
She

She, feigning *Bacchus* Feast to celebrate,  
 Led *Trojan* Women with her thro' the Street.  
 And bore her self a mighty Torch, as chief,  
 And from a Tower the *Greeks* a Signal gave.  
 Then I, with Labours tir'd, requiring Rest,  
 Lay in my Bed, with sound Sleep being oppress'd.  
 My exc'llent Wife, this while my Arms convey'd  
 From th'House, and e'en the Sword lay at my Head :  
 Brings *Menelaus* in ; and ope's my Door,  
 Hoping, 'tis like, his Kindness thus r'ensure, }  
 And purgethose Crimes she had incurr'd before. }  
 In short, in rusht the *Greeks*, and with them came }  
*Ulysses*, much encouraging their Crime : }  
 Which Heav'n's revenge ; if I may wish the same. }  
 Now, in return, pray tell me what has brought  
 You here alive? Have stormy Seas it wrought?  
 Or God's Commands? or what Chance might it be  
 Which mov'd you these dark mournful Shades to  
 While thus they talkt, *Aurora's* ruddy Steeds (see?  
 Mid Heav'n had past ; she in her Course proceeds.

And



And hap'ly now the time allow'd being gone,  
The *Sibyll* gives this Admonition.

*Æneas* ! Night comes on, we time protract,  
Here is the place, the way in two does part.  
The right, which goes hard by great *Dis* his Wall,  
Our way t'*Elysium* 'tis: The left, for Ill  
Has Punishments, and leads t'ungracious Hell.  
*Deiph'bus* then. Great Priestesses! be not mov'd  
I'll go; the time requir'd, keep to my Shade.  
Adieu, our Glory! happy'r Fate enjoy,  
This said, forthwith he turns himself away.

*Æneas* strait looks up: And near a Rock  
On's left hand saw, a mighty three-wall'd Fort;  
Which rapid *Phleg'ton*, with its scorching Flames  
Surrounds, and roaring throws up massy Stories.  
There fronting stands a mighty Iron Gate  
With Pillars, all of massy Diamond made  
Which Men nor Angels can with Iron cut;  
An high rais'd Tower there is, where Night and  
(Day

In Bloody Robes still sits *Tisiphone*,

Who

Who sleepless keeps the Porch. Thence cries are  
 (heard,

And Lashings most severe, and Noises made  
 By moving Chains, and Irons causing dread

*Aeneas* stood, and frighted heard the Noise,

Then said, O Virgin! pray what Crimes are  
 (these?

With what Pains punish'd? Whose are all these  
 (Cries?

The *Sibyll* then says thus. Great *Trojan* King!

No Entrance here to Pious Men is gi'en.

But I being plac'd here o'er *Avernus* Groves,

These Pains, and all to me *Hecate* shews.

Here *Rhadamanthus* rules, with Laws severe,

Hears and Chaſtifies Crimes, and forces here

Men to confeſs whate'er on Earth they did,

Which ought be purg'd, and vainly ſtrove to hide.

'Tis here *Tiſiph'ne*, ſet Revenge to take,

With Whip inſulting makes the Guilty quake.

And dreadful Serpents ſhakes with her left Hand,

And ſummons her fierce Siſters to attend.

And

And now, with horrid Noise, the dreadful Doors  
 Fly ope. You see what Keeper them secures.  
 What Ghastly Form stands there: Within does sit  
 An *Hydra* much more terr'ble, gaping wide  
 With fifty Black Mouths: *Tart'rus* self does shew }  
 As deep and wide under the Shades to go, }  
 As twice from Earth to Heav'n seems to our view. }  
 Here th'ancient Race of th'Earth, young *Titans*  
 (dwell,  
 Being Thunder-struck, in deepest part of Hell.  
 Here I the Twins *Aloide* saw, vast Men,  
 Who strove from Heav'n *Jove* with their Hands  
 (t'have thrown.

And here I saw *Salmonæus* Torment great  
 Endure, who strove *Jove's* Thunder t'imitate,  
 And Lightning; carry'd with four Horses, and  
 His Torches shaking, as, in Triumph Grand,  
 He pass'd, 'mongst *Greeks*, in midst of *Elis* Town  
 Requiring God-like Honours shou'd be shewn.

Mad Man, who, Clouds and Lightning none can  
(feign,

Acted on Brass, with trampling Horses train.

But mighty *Jove* from boyling Clouds then threw  
A Thunder-bolt: No smoaky Torch for shew:  
And so the bold presuming Rebel flew. }

And *Tityon*, here is seen, that Child of th'Earth,  
Whose Body in length nine Acres covereth,  
And that huge Vultur, which with's crooked Bill,  
On's Liver feeds, which as 'tis growing still.

He feasting still devours; so *Tityon's* Pain  
For ever with his Liver will remain.

What of the *Lapithæ*, and *Ixion* here  
Remains to say? And of *Pirithous*, or  
Of those o'er whom a black Flint hangs, as tho'  
Still falling on them? or of others, who  
Have Golden Tables, all with Dainties set,  
In Princely manner, tempting them to eat;  
The greatest of the *Fury's* standing by,  
Forbidding them their Lands thereon to lay;  
And rising with her Torch, them to dismay? }

Here

Here stand, expecting Punishment, all those  
 Their Brethren hated, or strove to depose  
 Their Parents living, Clients of their right  
 Cheated; or making Gold their sole delight,  
 No Friends reliev'd; as 'tis the use of most.  
 And those who for Adult'ry Life have lost.  
 And who in Wars unjust engag'd; and Men  
 Who fear'd not break the Faith their Masters gi'en.  
 Ask not to know, what Pains all Men endure,  
 Or for what Crimes, or by what Chance came here.  
 Some rowl a vast Stone, some hang on a Wheel,  
 Unhappy *Theseus* sits, and ever will,  
 Of Wretches chief, exhorts the *Phlegians* all,  
 And thro' the Shades, with loud Voice, thus does  
 (call.

Learn Justice, warn'd; and Gods not to contemn,  
 Some sold their Country, Tyrants bringing in,  
 Who Laws for Mony made, and null'd agen.  
 Others polluted their own Daughters Bed;  
 All daring great Crimes, what they dar'd enjoy'd.

H

Had

Here

Had I an hundred Mouths and Tongues, withal  
 An Iron Voice, I could not run o'er all  
 The sorts of Crimes and Torments Men befall.  
 When this the *Sibyll* had set forth, she says,  
 Now, on your way, do what your Business is.  
 Let's hasten, I the Walls behold, and in  
 Yond Arch, the doors; both *Cyclops* work have been:  
 Where we're requir'd your Present to depose:  
 This said, she with him in the Umbrage goes.  
 The mid way kept, and soon the Porch drew near;  
 Where strait *Aeneas* entred, sprinkling there  
 His Body with fresh Water, and his *Bow*  
 Sticks at the Door; so being enjoin'd to do.  
 These things being done; the Goddess present made  
 T'a joyous Place they came, and sweet green Shade  
 Of th' happy Groves, where blest Souls have their

(Seats,

A large bright *Aether* all the Fields invests,  
 With Sun and Stars peculiar to these Parts.  
 Some on the Grass in Manly Sports contend  
 For Exercise, some wrestle on the Sand.

Some

Some Sing and Dance; and long-rob'd *Orpheus* there  
With's sev'n Note skill, a Counterpart does bear.

And one while with his Fingers, then with's Quill,  
Plays the same discant, on his Harp, at Will :

*Troy's* noble Stock is here, fair Progeny,  
Great *Hero's*, born in better times than we,  
*Ilus*, *Affar'cus*, *Dard'nus*, rise of *Troy*.

At distance these the shadd'wy Arms admire,  
The Chariots, Spears, which they see fixed there.

The Horses which in Fields loose feed and play.

As in Arms, Chariots, curious Horses they  
Were pleas'd alive, the same they still enjoy.

And lo! on Right and Left, the others sees,  
Sit on the Grass, who with Melodies Lays,  
Sing Hymns t' *Apollo*, 'mong the fragrant Bays.

Whence large *Erid'nus*, passing thro' the Grove,  
With rowling Waves, mounts to the Earth above:

Here valiant Men, who for their Country dy'd,

And Priests, who chafely liv'd, in Joys reside :

And pious Prophets, *Phæbus* had inspir'd,

And those invented Arts, by all admir'd,

And such who others Kindnesses had shown,  
 All these white Garlands wore about their Crown.  
 To whom the *Sibyll*, as they rounding stood,  
 And chiefly to *Museus* (for the Crowd  
 Him in the midst upon their Shoulders had)  
 Says thus: O happy Souls! and Prophet you  
*Anchises* Residence, please to let us know.  
 Thro' his Occasion 'tis, that we come here;  
 Hell's mighty River passing without fear.  
 To her the *Hero* thus, in short, replies,  
 We've no peculiar Seat; our Mansion is  
 In shady Groves, and on the Rivers sides,  
 And bord'ring Fields. But if your Fancy leads  
 Ascend this Hill, I'll guide an easy Path.  
 This said, 'he goes before, and from above  
 Shews glorious Fields; whereon the top they leave.  
 And old *Anchises*, in a Vale beset, (brought  
 With Hills, and wondrous Green; Souls thither  
 Who were t'arrive at Bliss, with Care survey'd,  
 E'en one by one, and took a List of all,  
 Perhaps, of him descended, or that shall.

Their



Their Fates inspecting, Fortunes, Manners, Pow'r,  
And when he saw *Æneas* coming there,  
Both's Hands presented, with a welcom Chear  
And Tears let fall, and this dropt from his Mouth,  
What? come at last, my long expected Youth?  
Has Piety stood the Hardship of the Ways?  
And may I now discourse you Face to Face?  
Indeed I thought so, and that times would come,  
Nor has my Care deceiv'd me, counting them.  
Thro' what vast Countries, and what mighty Seas  
Are you come? and thro' Dangers more than these.  
How fear'd I *Lybia* fatal might have prov'd?  
Then he, dear Father! your sad Ghost has mov'd,  
Appearing oft, my coming to this Land;  
My Ships stand on th'*Italian* Coast. Your Hand  
I beg; and let's embrace, and be not gone;  
This saying, Floods of Tears came trickling down.  
Then thrice about his Neck, he strove to cast  
His Arms; and thrice the Shadows hold he lost,  
As 'tis in Dreams, or with an aery Blast.

Mean while *Aeneas*, in a Secret drove  
 At distance, 'spies a private rustling Grove :  
 And *Lethe's* River passing by the Seats  
 Of Bliss, and Men surrounding these Retreats  
 In mighty Crowds, who fill the Place with noise,  
 As Bees, when thick in Fields on Summers Days,  
 Gath'ring from Flow'rs their delicious Preys.  
*Aeneas* strait, astonish'd this to see,  
 Enquires the Causes ; what this Stream might be,  
 And what those Men who there stood crowding by.  
 Then old *Anchises*. Souls decreed by Fate  
 T'assume new Bodies, drinking here forget  
 All Hardships e'er they underwent in Life.  
 'Thas long been my desire, that you should have  
 Here Knowledge of all those will spring from me,  
 T'encrease your Joy, when come to *Italy*.  
 O Father ! may we think ought Souls sublime  
 Would pass from hence to th' Earth, there to resume  
 Gross Bodies ? direful such Desire would seem.  
 I'll tell you Son, no longer keep in doubt,  
*Achises* then in order all sets out.

First, th' Air, Earth, Waters, and bright-shining Moon  
And all the Stars, a Spirit acts within.

With Mind infus'd thro' all the Mass's parts,  
Which the vast Bulk pervades and agitates.

Thence Men, and Beasts of all kinds Life receive,  
And Fowles and Monsters which in Seas do live.

A fiery Vigour, and Celestial Birth

Their Seeds uphold, as far as their dull Earth,

And Body's clog, and dying Limbs give way :

Thence spring their Fear, Love-Passion, Grief and

(Joy ;

Nor blinded thus, can they Life's pureness see.

Nay when, at last, their Life is at end,

Some Vice, and Body's Plagues their Souls attend.

For long contracted Habits strangely stick ;

To purge whose rooted Taint, they to the quick

Are therefore toucht with Pains ; some hung in th'

(Air ;

Some in vast Gulphs are washt, some burnt in Fire.

We've all our fated Pains ; and then are sent

To fair *Elysium* ; few there ever went

Till a compleat revolving course of time  
 Their Taint contracted purg'd, and pure from Sin }  
 Th' Æthereal Spirit left, as first 'thad been. }  
 When they in Bliss a thousand Years have pass't,  
 God calls them all of *Lethe's* Stream to taste,  
 That so forgetful grown, they may review  
 The Earth again, and Bodies take anew.  
 This by *Anchises* said, he takes his Son,  
 The *Sibyll* with him, 'mong the crowding Throng  
 Gets on an Hillock in the midst; whence he  
 Of all, in order, had an eager View.  
 Then says, my Son! I now shall let you know  
 Our *Trojan* Race; what Glory thence may grow.  
 Who our Successors are in *Italy*,  
 Th' Illustrious Souls, that of our Line shall be,  
 And you your Fate withal. That Youth you see  
 Leans on his Headless Spear, by Destiny,  
 Comes next to Life: 'Tis he the first will rise  
 From *It'ly's* mixt Blood to th' Æthereal Skies.  
*Sylvius*, an *Alban* Name, your poth'mous Child,  
 Whom your *Lavinia*, our long Race t'uphold,

Shall'

Shall bring at length from woods, as King to sway,  
Of Kings a Parent. whence our Progeny,  
Long *Alba's* Kingdom shall of right enjoy.  
The next him's *Procas*, *Trojan's* Glory, then  
*Capys* and *Numitor*, and who bears your Name  
*Sylvius Æneas*; who will also be  
For Arms as famous, as for Piety,  
If *Alba's* Kingdom ever he attains;  
Behold what Courage in their Faces shines,  
And how their Temples all are shadow'd round  
With Oken City Garlands. These shall found  
*Nomentum*, *Gabii*, *Fidena*, for you,  
*Collatia*, Towns on Mountains built anew  
*Pomeria*, *Novum Castrum*, *Bola* too,  
And *Cora*. Then these for their Names shall stand,  
They being at present nameless spots of Land.  
And martial *Rom'lus* to his Grandfire here  
Shall join: His Mother *Ilia* him shall bear.  
She springing from *Asarc'us*. See, he's known  
By's double topt Helmet, standing on his Crown,  
Now mark by's Father *Mars* for great Renown.

Lo, Son ! by him, that famous *Rome* controuls  
 For Empire th'Earth, Heav'n equals for great Souls.  
 Sev'n Hills, with one Wall, she'll her self inclose,  
 In great Men fertile, as *Cybele* shews,  
 When crown'd with Castles, thro' the Towns of *Troy*  
 She's carry'd in Chariot, with Transports of Joy,  
 For num'rous Gods sprung of her; whom she greets  
 At pleasure, all in Heav'n blest with Seats.  
 Now, both Eyes hither cast, this Lineage see,  
 Your *Romans* ; *Cesar*, all the Progeny  
 Here of *Julus* stand, that e'er shall be. }  
 This here's the Man, *Augustus Cesar*, sprung  
 From God, who to you has been promis'd long.  
 And who agen a Golden Age shall found  
 In *Latium*, as when *Saturn* rul'd the Land.  
 Beyond all *Lybia*, and the *Indies* he  
 His Empire shall extend. A Land does lie  
 Out of the Sun's and Planet's Course, where Heav'n,  
 Nigh burning Stars on *Atlas* Shoulder's born :  
 Which dreads e'en now his coming, mov'd thereto  
 By Or'cles Answers, telling what's t'ensue.

Like

Like ~~He~~ the *Caspian* and the *Scythian* Lands,  
And *Egypt*, with its sev'n-mouth'd *Nile* attends.  
Nor had *Alcides* Conquests such extent,  
Tho' he the light-foot Deer in chase out-went.  
And *Erymanthus* Boar in pursuit flew,  
And *Lernas Hydra* with's unerring Bow.  
Nor conq'ring *Bacchus*, who with's Vine-twigg Reins,  
From *Nysa's* top drove Tygers to the Plains.  
And fear you now in *Italy* to land?  
And by Exploits, your Glory there t'extend?  
But, who is't stands far off, distinguisht by  
His Olive-bows and sacred Laws? I spy  
His Hair and white Beard, like a *Roman* King  
Who founding *Rome*, Laws thither first did bring.  
Sent from small *Cures*, a poor Country-Town,  
T'an Empire great; where *Tullus* next will come.  
A Man whose Country's idle Peace will break,  
And force his sluggish Subjects Arms to take,  
And Triumphs, then diffus'd, in Field to gain:  
Next him Thrafonick *Anchus* comes to Reign.

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, even now, too much, with Mens applause,  
 And will you see the *Tarquin* Kings with these?  
 The great Soul of revenging *Brutus*, and  
 The Rods, and Axe, in use brought to the Land?  
 The Consul's Office he the first shall bear,  
 And cruel Axe: his Sons for moving War,  
 Unhappy Man! to Punishment shall bring,  
 Fair Liberty this pressing for the Sin,  
 However future times may judge the Thing :  
 His Country's Love will all things over bear,  
 And's vast desire of Praise. But see from far  
 The *Decii*, *Drusi*, and *Torquatus* dread  
 With's Axe: *Camillus* with his Ensigns spread.  
 But those two Souls so Friendly now you see,  
 While 'mong the Shades, they shining equally  
 With glorious Arms, if e'er they come to Life,  
 Alas! what Wars they'll raise, and bloody Strife  
 Betwixt them. One from th' *Alpes* with's force will  
 (come,  
 Th' other an opp'site Army'll bring from *Rome*.



O Youths ! use not your Minds to Wars as these,  
 Nor 'gainst your Country's Bowels turn your force.  
 You *Cæsar*, first forbear ; you Heav'n-sprung Man,  
 Throw by your Arms, my Blood——  
 That famous Man, at *Corinth*, *Gracians* slain  
 Returning *Victor*, shall his Triumph gain.  
 He *Argos* and *Mycenæ* shall subvert,  
 The last of them, great *Agamemnon's* Seat,  
 And e'en *Æacides*, of *Achilles* Race,  
 Revenging *Trojan* Wrongs, and that disgrace  
 Prophane, *Minerva's* Temple shown. Can I,  
 Great *Cato* ! you, or *Costus* you pass by  
 In silence ? or the Race of *Gracchus*, or  
 The *Scipio's* both, call'd Thunderbolts of War  
 Great *Lybia's* Ruin ? Or *Fabricius*, you,  
 Great Soul'd, tho poor ? or th' happy Man at Plough }  
*Serranus* ? *Fabii* ! whither lead me now  
 Being tir'd ? *Maximus* you that Man we'll own.  
 Who by delays, restor'd our falling Throne.  
 Others in Brass, and Marble, to the Life  
 Sweet Sculptures make, you'd think they were alive,

Plead

Plead Causes better, and more nicely know  
 The site of the Earth, Heav'ns rising Signs to shew.  
 Mind you, O *Roman*! to rule over Men,  
 (These shall be your Arts) how in Peace to reign,  
 The Meek to favour, Haughty to keep down.  
 Thus said *Anchises*: Adds, to their Surprise,  
 See how *Marcellus*, with Spoils laden goes,  
 A glorious Conq'rer, how he all out-shews:  
 This Knight, the State all discompos'd at home,  
 Shall set to rights; the *Lybians* overcome,  
 And rebel *Gauls*. And to *Quirinus* then, (hang.  
 Spoils, took the third time from them, he shall  
*Aeneas* here (for he saw with him pass,  
 A Youth with shining Arms, of wondrous Grace  
 But's Count'nance clouded, with dejected Eyes)  
 Who, Father is't, the Man accompanies?  
 His Son, or some great Man's, from us will spring?  
 What Shouts about him? how resembling him?  
 But round his Head a sad-dark Cloud appears.  
*Anchises* then, all melting into Tears;

Says,

Says, Son! wish not that depth of Grief to know,  
Yours may attend: The Fates will only shew  
That Youth to th'Earth, nor let him longer live.  
O Gods! The *Roman* Race should he survive,  
Would seem to you too great: What mighty Groans  
The martial Field at *Rome* will fill? What Moans  
O *Tyberinus* will you see, when you  
Pass by his Tomb, with Tears all fresh and new?  
Nor will ought Youth of *Trojan* Stock e'er raise  
His *Roman* Grandfires hopes, so much as this;  
Nor shall *Rome's* Empire ever boast that she  
Had such a Son as this. O Piety,  
And honest upright Mind! Unconquer'd Hand!  
None e'er with Safety might your Arms withstand  
On Foot, or Horseback. Ah! much pity'd Child!  
Could you your hard Fate shun, you should be call'd  
*Marcellus*. Lillies by whole handfuls strew  
Before him, I will Purple Flowers throw;  
On's Ghost, at least, heapt Presents let's bestow.  
Thus thro' *Elysium* they walkt here and there,  
Observing all Things as their Pleasures were.

When

When old *Anchises* this had shewn his Son,  
And fill'd his Mind with Glories were to come.  
He tells him what Wars he must undertake:  
Of the *Laurentines*, and *Latinus* Seat.

And how he Dangers must avoid or fly;  
And sometimes suffer in Adversity.

Two Gates there are of Dreams; they say that one  
Is made of Horn, where true Dreams pass alone.  
Of Iv'ry th'others made; whence to the Sky,  
False Dreams and Fantasm's Ghosts use to convey.

When these things to his Son, and *Sibyll* both,  
*Anchises* had declar'd; he sent them forth  
At th' Iv'ry Gate. *Aeneas* took his way  
T'his Ships; and finding there his Men to stay,  
He to *Cajeta*, in strait Course did steer,  
Cast Anchor there, and turn'd his Sterns to shoar.

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*The Fourth Eclogue of Virgil.*

**S***icilian* Muses! Let us raise our Strain; (Man:  
 Shrubs and some Tamarisks please not ev'ry  
 This Past'ral Song deserves a Consul's Ear.  
 The *Sibyl's* last Age now has run'ts career.  
 And th' Ages great Course must anew begin;  
 The *Virgin* comes with *Saturn's* Reign agen.  
 A new Race now from Heav'n is sent on Earth;  
 O chaste *Lucina*! favour the Infant's Birth.  
 By whom the Iron Age shall cease; and thro'  
 The World a Golden Age shall rise anew,  
 And your *Apollo's* Kingdom shall ensue.  
 And while you're Consul *Pollio*, this our Bliss  
 Commences, with the great Months Happiness.  
 While you're in Pow'r, if any Taints appear  
 Of former Crimes, they're null'd with Mortals fear.

He'll live as God, and see his Godlike Men  
With *Heroes* mixt, and he'll be seen of them,  
And rule as his great Ancestors had done.  
But Child! to you, as first small Presents th'Earth  
Untill'd, in plenty *Ivies* will bring forth,  
With *Avens*; and as grateful to your view  
*Erankursine*, with the *Egyptian* Bean, will shew.  
The Goats to you full Dugs of Milk shall bring;  
Nor will the Herds fierce Lyons fear, if seen.  
Your Cradle'tself sweet Flowers shall display,  
The Snake and guileful pois'nous Weed shall die;  
Th'*Affyrian* fragrant Shrub grow commonly.  
But when you come to read the *Heroes* Praise,  
Your Fathers Facts, and know what Virtue is.  
The Corn-fields yellow will begin to shew,  
The Berries on wild Thorns will ruddy grow,  
And Heav'n-dropt Hony from hard Oaks will  
(flow.)

Yet still some few Seeds of our ancient Guile  
Will spring; and make us take a second Toil

At Sea : New Wall-towns build, and till the Ground,  
And there must be another *Typhis* found ;  
Another *Argo*, Heroes to convey,  
And other Wars with Battles in Array,  
And great *Achilles* must again to *Troy*.

When, after this, you're grown a perfect Man,  
The Sailor shall give o'er the Seas, nor then  
Shall Vessels Traffick carry to and fro,  
But all things freely ev'ry where shall grow.  
The Earth from Harrow free, the Vine from Hook,  
The Ploughman's Oxen shall discharge from Yoak.  
Wool shall no longer take a borrow'd hew,  
But on the Ram a Purple Fleece shall grow,  
Sometimes a Yellow, and the native Die  
Of *Sandix*-cloath the Lambs are feeding by.  
The Destinies with the pow'r of Fate agreed,  
Run on such Age to their Spindles cry'd.  
Dear Offspring of the Gods, *Jove's* great increase !  
O ! now's your time great Honours to possess.  
See how the World jogs with its Convex weight,  
The Earth, the Seas, high Heav'n in its Flight.

116 *The Fourth Eclogue of, &c.*

How all Things Joy express at th' Age to come.  
 O! that my Thread of Life may hold so long,  
 And Muses Vigour, your Deeds to record;  
*Orpheus* in Verse then shall not me out-word.  
 E'en with his Mother's Aid *Calliope* :  
 Nor *Linus*, with his Father *Phæbus* by.  
 If *Pan*, th' *Arcadian* God contends, he'll own,  
 Tho' judge himself, himself by me outdone.  
 Your Mother, Child! by Smile begin to know,  
 Ten long Months Loathings she did undergo.  
 Begin: 'Till Children smile on Parents, none  
*Genius* at board, nor *Juno*'t Bed will own.



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